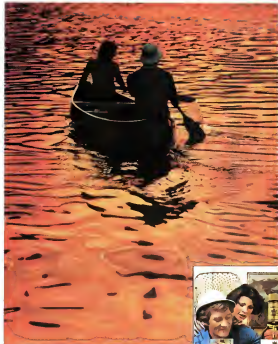


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The Referendum Debate: Ten years ago writes Harry Boyle, Canada experienced a sense of unity and the world a sense of Canada. We decided not to pursue it, and we're paying the price. **Page 12**



As In The Commons: Television in the House will change the nature of debate and, curiously, the long-held perception of many politicians. Joe Clark, for instance, may just become a star. **Page 19**



Steady State: Wholesale terrorism, kidnapping and rampant anarchy have become too common, more a way of life. Angela Farnham reports on her findings in the event of a revolution. **Page 28**



The Rocky Road: The History To Cite got made as a doc. documentary, then released to theaters across North America, raved-over and much awarded, puts Harry Kuper at the top of his art. **Page 44**



The next Canadian hero: Formula One and racing the sport's major league is not new to Canada. But a homegrown star is Gilles Villeneuve isn't just "good for a Canadian" either best good. **Page 52**



The Great-west, pretty good—Americanese: Six years to pass and head in the three latest offerings from Philip Roth, Peter De Vries and John Gregory Brown. Enjoy enjoy! **Page 72**

The buying value of a Parker with a square-clip is by no means a lifetime. One testimonial to Parker's Choice, Ball Point gold clipper says: "starting with a mangled, powerless steel Magnificent Moments clipper, through a process of trial-and-error, I discovered the Parker with a square-clip. Performance? All three reliable, but only with better results, longer than the others combined."



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Interview

With newsmen and author Edwin Newman

To Edwin Newman, nothing so much epitomizes the confusion of standards of spoken English as the ever more persistent refusal to "you know" and "I mean" it distances him that so many people do not have the resources with which to express themselves "and improving the way the language is spoken in America is a crusade." The 58-year-old New York City native is a news commentator on radio, the author of two widely read books on English usage: *Simply Speaking* and *A Good Tongue*, and is in constant demand as a speaker. The *Wall Street Journal* writer David Woods interviewed Newman for *Maclean's* in his small, booklined office in Rockefeller Centre, NYC's New York headquarters.

Maclean's: The advice of your first book *Simply Speaking* was "Well, America Be The Death Of English! Do you think it will?"

Newman: I don't think we'll be the death of English. I think English will live as long as it goes on being used. That was perhaps a bit of poetic license, perhaps I should say poetic license. What I think is happening to the language in this country and, so the matter that I know about these things, in Canada and incidentally in Britain, is that it is being made a business language, a corporate language, a jargon language. All the fluency and the color are being taken from it; it's becoming a language of commerce. The color and color are being taken away by jargonizing, other special language, lawyers, physicians, government people and, for that matter, scientists because there is an enormous army desert on the part of journalists to use the same jargonous language that they have.

Maclean's: Why do people start an using expression these days like "labor force participation" when they mean work, or "visual learning facility" when they mean school? Is it self-regulation?

Newman: It is certainly self-regulation and it is an attempt to suggest that what they are doing is somehow technical in the sense that it requires special training. Now if you can make people believe that what you're doing is somehow beyond their ability to understand, nobody is going to challenge what you're doing and you will go on getting money with which to do it. You have people who do not want to say that they are a jargon because there's no reason that goes with naming a jargon. It seems to me that this is quite wrong. This is a serious matter. There's nothing dishonorable about naming a jargon if you run the jargon well and if it's a reasonably humane place doing its job. I have heard for in-

stance, all jargonism is at least one category who've called themselves engineers. And there's nothing wrong with being a good engineer. I don't happen to be one and I know that I make more money than good engineers do but I think that we ought to at-



I think in general that Canadians are kinder to English than Americans are

demand that it's a necessary job. It is a fact that some people think that they are to dress up the names of their jobs.

Maclean's: Where does all this "Are the schools failing in teaching the rules of language?" Are schools really that? Has television made us lazy about conversation and communication?

Newman: In many cases it is a lack of vocabulary. There are a great many people who simply do not have the resources with which to express themselves. That is why they are continually saying "you know" and "I mean." It is also why certain phrases have been picked up so widely and have become full phrases, especially phrases heard on television. In conversation pro-

gram everybody seems to want to use them, including people for whom they are quite inappropriate. People use them because they are not capable of expressing themselves. So you get a phrase like "just for posterity" and "what have you done for me lately?" and that kind of thing when people ought to be able to formulate their own ideas and give voice to them. It's quite—and maybe this is a bit of circular reasoning—but it stems with the idea that language doesn't matter and that's an idea that has unfortunately caught on. It's caught on for a number of reasons, one is the popularity of the Mall where new language. (Although McLaughlin's use of language is frequently imaginative and occasionally unique as well and he can be very funny.) There are many people who believe that you don't have to communicate with language any longer. You can use gestures. You can use music. You can use demonstrations. You can use obscenity in my view that is a matter. Language is the most expressive and subtle instrument of communication that exists and no doubt ever has existed. Then you have what one may call "the landing of the language with jargon" which began, I think, with several scientists who are trying to show that they are doing something scientific and somehow comparable to what is being done in the physical sciences—who use language to make what they are saying shorter, in other words, beyond the grasp of ordinary people without special training.

Maclean's: But don't you think that the weatherman who talks about "a shower of rain" is really trying to inject more life into the language?

Newman: No. I think the weather forecaster who talks about showers actually is trying to do what I've already referred to: he's trying to make what he does sound technical. He doesn't want to say showers or rain, he says showers actually. It sounds better to him.

Maclean's: Are sociologists among the chief culprits in the attack on language? Or are they just the engineers of jargon and people aren't quite willing to adapt quite much?

Newman: I think it's the second explanation. The word "paramecium" for example, Paramecium as far as I know came from Greek. And there are fields in which "paramecium" is an entirely proper word. An entirely appropriate word. In science, science mathematics and many other fields, parameciums fairly be used and no doubt it can be used in space technology and science. But what happened was that

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with grace, a certain dignity, a certain formality, maybe that's a better way to put it, but a welcome formality I think. They're not using as many of the flat phrases as we are. I think you're right, but I don't have the decline of education that we have had.

Maclean's: Do you think that this has something to do with manners, where one makes one's point and gets out of it or displays a shyness rather than a strongly

Newsman: I don't know Canada very well. I don't know what it is tradable to. What I think is an influence in the United States and may not be an influence in Canada is the notion that if you ever pause to take thought, if you are silent for a few moments, that this appears to reflect on you. Nobody in the United States or almost nobody in the United States wants to be seen to be stopping to think. Now where did this idea come from? I suspect that it came from religion which there is almost never a moment of silence because the time is thought to be valuable to every second and every split second is filled. And if you consider the influence of the day-jockey in this country you will see what I mean. The day-jockey considers that he or she is doing his or her job by speaking without ceasing by turning out a stream of sound. And this has become a fashion in the United States. As they say, people are embarrassed. That's why we have so many fast-phrases because if you stop talking you will be thought to have nothing to say.

Maclean's: Is improving the way we speak a crusade for you and do you feel that you are winning it?

Newsman: To a degree it's a crusade. It's a full-time crusade of one kind or another. I am employed by me. I do my best to speak well and write well generally, and I suppose I'm having some influence. But it has become a crusade in a sense because I have become associated with this cause in the process of supporting the popular mind. It's a very comfortable position and I'm very happy to have it. People write to me and people send in material and ask me to write another book and that kind of thing. And I've started to speak somewhere or another every day. But in winning it, or are we winning? No, I don't think we're winning. I do believe that we're making progress. I think one can see encouraging signs. One can see education who are now understanding that they are or have been language problems who learn to write well speak well read well spell well or pronounce well, and in many cases can't deal with simple fables. We have the United States Navy saying that it cannot get enough recruits who understand English well enough to use the sophisticated machinery people must use to operate the equipment. But we have in my many education and others asserting that English is taught and is taught better than it has been and who are even asserting that the teachers be taught. We have a President who says that he wants regulations in the government to

be written in plain English, and the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development has said that she doesn't want any more jargon in her department. So yes, I'm reasonably encouraged.

Maclean's: Do you think that, as we come out of the Nineteen sixties all of this jargonistic talk, there might be some hope in the political arena too?

Newsman: I believe that Watergate had a



Watergate and Vietnam demonstrated how language could be used to distort facts

great effect in the confusion as I believe Vietnam did. I believe that people were able to see how language could be used to distort facts.

Maclean's: This is a personal question. What got you interested in language?

Newsman: Obviously language is something that I've been interested in for a very long time. But there were one or two things that happened to me as a correspondent that helped to lead me into this. One was that I found myself using inflated language which gave my story qualities that in fact I did not have. We'd talk about President Johnson's Great Society program. That's a form of shorthand, of course. Everybody understands that. But if you use it and go on using it you make people believe that there's some substance in it. I felt the same way about President Kennedy's much ad-

vised Great Design, a partnership between Western Europe and the United States and Canada. We would use the term Grand Design as though there was some grand design. And I was being glibly of these things. I would talk, when I was a Paris correspondent, about something called the multilateral nuclear force which was a fabled force that was to have nuclear weapons that was to come under joint command of all the NATO countries or many of them. And I used to do broadcasts about that day after day and one morning I woke up and said I'm not going to do any more broadcasting about it. There's nothing in it. And the language had a great deal to do with it.

Maclean's: Do you think there is any danger that the population could swing the other way and we could have a revival of politics as we know it?

Newsman: No. I have no fear about that, at any rate in the United States, because there's much too much development here at large in that country. I think if that happened we might see a revival of that great American emotion which I miss—the warlike. The warlike probably fantasizes when you've got the man of thing going or some part of it going. We haven't had it much lately.

Maclean's: They have become too distant states.

Newsman: I would like people to understand that there is a tremendous amount of fun to be had from language.

Maclean's: Even the warlike that enjoys the language as enjoyable. "As I said to me."

Maclean's: A marvelous phrase.

Maclean's: You and they are here no person more valuable than language. How can we ensure that we hang on to that person and respect it the way we ought to?

Newsman: I certainly don't think that we ought to have an Academy. We don't need anybody handing down orders that anybody is going to obey in any case. I think the first thing to do is to give yourself to American standards that you respect and, to the extent that you can, impose those standards on other people. Beyond that I think it's possible to wage a kind of guerrilla warfare and in this I think the principal weapon must be ridicule. I think that when people are confronted with non-sensical language they ought, if they feel safe in doing so, to say so. And if they reverse, even as without their superiors and universities that they find unsatisfactory, they ought to send them back and say what does this mean? But the first thing, as I say, is to impose acceptable standards on yourself. And I think that you will find that that you have more confidence than you expected. I also believe that there is at the moment a greater awareness of the necessity of preserving the English language than there has ever been before. I find more anxiety about it, more books about it, more editorials about it. I'm encouraged.

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Column by Harry Boyle

How much longer can we avoid the outcome of a majority of Canadians? While the rhetoric revolves about Quebec, the reasons concerning regional development and economic disparities foster. I also sense a deeper frustration. There's an increasingly noticeable lack of national goals and the spelling out of where Canada stands in the world as a nation.

We are beginning to appear isolated to visitors. We feel as if we are the only country in the world with domestic problems. Every country from America to Belgium to Britain to Ethiopia to China...all have domestic problems. They still function. Unfortunately, even China has had to give out of its economy isolation.

In Canada we are drowning in a sea of words. If speeches were ink, we would drown in our own blood. Conservatives and arrogant politicians are explaining the why with everything from computer rodents to bumper stickers and T-shirts. The preservation of a workable democratic system is real but we mustn't forget that we also have to survive in the world as a nation.

The tragedy is that we had a chance in 1967. During the Centennial and Expo we hurried to get everything European shindies and to avoid being overwhelmed by American "know-how." We entered a memorable event with a concrete idea of humanity in place and the usual common-sense of people. We needed a leadership to follow, and we have it.

At the time of our national consciousness in Canada we were dubbed as "hukabakas" or "anti-American." Americans were inspired that such actions were alienation. Participants were cranks. Memories of distorted distortions of Nazi Germany were used to discredit suggestions that as a people we had made a start in something unique. We had both national maturity and a commitment to our own needs. We had adopted social legislation to get Canada. We had accepted it with a memorable cultural event.

But a week later, during the next week in business as usual. We tried to legislate French and English relations. No one

denied to see our contradictions with respect to both French and English culture into a Canadian phenomenon. It was as if those pleasant friends of the St. Lawrence had never existed. Politics and business returned to power of power, greed and cynicism. That was the time when we should have built our image as an unified and creative country. That was the time for us.



Mayor Renouville on good times past

made reconciliation between regions and people. It was a time for sharing. We had a mission on the world stage. The busy day the week and the opposition from illiterate to Uganda to Asia tried to deny and we were rewarded by the devotion and skills of those who were allowed to find security with us. It was a time for declared charity and a national nobility of purpose. We talked of a mission as opposed to creating a pot, but missions need glue and cement. The glue in our mosaic began to melt. We turned inward, inspired our regions and countries. The unity that our contradictions followed out.

Quebec ignored the obvious formation of bilingualism and biculturalism and developed a consciousness of its own. Many Quebecers didn't particularly care about rights in the rest of the country that they were led to believe didn't have any racial/cultural flavor. A majority turned out in a provincial government which they saw as a relic of past political behavior. They were willing to take a gamble on the PQ's separatist sentiments, because they wanted to be rid of what they saw as the inherited political forms of abuse of the party in power. That election induced paralysis in the national political structure. It has progressed to the point where it appears as though Canada can be hijacked in an instant. When the officers and crew are better decks pulling the passengers, an almost a one-gained scenario, but about their mission to bring reconciliation.

Ahead, I find people are puzzled about what is going on. We were known as a country with a future and a concern for human dignity. Now foreigners ask questions as if we were one of the underdeveloped nations squabbling over geographical political and tribal divisions. How do you explain that we are now preoccupied by a proposed referendum in Quebec?

I think we should be considering all Canadians on our role as a nation. Should we keep on thinking of our grain and commodities in stakes in an international power game of life and death, or as relations for the Third World? Can we devise a harmonious way of sharing our space and resources with the crowded and the homeless? Shouldn't we examine how we succeeded in building such splendid communications and transportation links and yet failed to use them positively in the cause of common understanding?

I believe that much discussion would vanish if we had a national goal. Elements now willing of aspirations might well find room in an unified country. How about a referendum on where Canada should be going? It would be useful in case those responsible have forgotten how to navigate.

Harry J. Boyle is a retired author, journalist and broadcaster. He is former chairman of the Canadian Press and Television and Broadcasting Association of Canada.



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Letters

An act of negligence—or something worse

The needless impact of Barbara Amiel's profile of Charles Templeton (*Can Am: Of Templeton*, October 3) is not that it contains numerous inaccuracies, but that it is a



Templeton: totally unacceptable?

gross misrepresentation of Templeton's career and motivations, but that it is a crude, slick, superficial portrayal of the man I have been fortunate to know. Charles Templeton for several years and I would have had great difficulty recognizing him from Amiel's profile. I wondered if she shouldn't have included herself in the group of "would-be doers or would-be thinkers" in whose opinion Charles Templeton's success matters? The fact is that she has failed to recognize every couple's and sensitive man. So much for speed journalism.

ANNA PORTER, LONDON, ON CHER
MARTIN LIND AND STEWART TORONTO

The article on Charles Templeton by Barbara Amiel was an outstanding piece of writing. It presented a concise and perceptive impression of this most complex and intriguing personality. Templeton is a rare and remarkable man. Amiel, in a very few words, revealed this distinctly, and, thus, it seems to me, is what great journalism is all about.

ANDREW E. MALCOLM, MD
TORONTO

There are worse ways to go

In *One For The Road* (Of The Road) (September 18) you associate alcoholism with the elderly and mention 75-year-old Neville Barker is drinking 13 ounces of rye daily. Lately old people often turn to the comfort of a "nip" but many of our leading public figures in public and political life go even further. In a recent *Post* Page One program, an aged, well-known alcoholic was asked by Gordon Seiden: "How much did you drink daily when you were at 60?"

The old man admitted to drinking a 26-ounce bottle a day. Seiden quickly rejoined, "That's not much." Hearing that Barker's "muck-a-day" looks like a simple solution is a salute to creeping old age.

AGNES LOR, C. DODGE
VICTORIA

I'm 77 years old and I've never needed an alcohol drink or a tranquillizer in my life. But I want to strike a blow for the many old people who are not so fortunate. I feel that the author of *One For The Road* (Of The Road) didn't know much about aging. In fact the only one in the article who knew what he was talking about was Neville

Barker who said, "It's no goddamn picnic being old."

I was teaching school at 65, so I do not consider anyone older than age really old. But now I can tell you that the Polyanna approach by do-gooders, including doctors, does very little for old people. They aren't a threat for much of the deadly boredom, loneliness and sense of all sleeplessness. These presumably well-meaning persons advocate throwing away most of the aids that help these conditions—even though they have no personal experience with being old. Common sense should tell them that the only possible solution is the kindly administration of drugs, including alcohol. The word I can wish for the author and Doctors Condon and Morosini is that they live to be 99. Every year I would ask St. Peter to let me come back for a week or two and watch their painful, drunken existence. This would be heaven for me.

MEL MARR M. NORTH SARNATON

If straight can take it, why not gay?

My only difference of opinion with Sandra Martin's television critique, *How Far Can A Woman Get?* (October 3), lies in the new sitcom *Saga*. Granted it's not a half-minute, but neither is it "sexy and risqué," as Martin states. It is not urging us to laugh at homosexuality and ignorance, but rather to abandon our silly taboos and confront so-called forbidden subjects. If we can laugh at homosexuality, perhaps we can stop being so ludicrously serious about it and begin to view it rationally. Homosexuality has been the topic matter of so many jokes and bits and pieces, so why not homophobia too?

D. N. POLKORCHAK TORONTO

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On Her Majesty's Service

Thank you for the Queen's Silver Jubilee article by David Cobb (October 3). I'm afraid that's one error in reference to the Ministerial League of Canada. As a founding member I must point out there was not a Canadian Executive as such. John Amers was appointed by the Chancellor in London. The importance of this is that a Canadian did not conserve the league. Rather, the London Office in England promoted the idea and they are the real founders. The league today is a useless political group which no longer knows the role it was founded to fulfil. It is regrettable that it became a wing of one of the federal political parties and lost its independence.

ALAN B. LAUCHLIN, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

Thank you for a much needed write-up about our Queen. I wondered, with your publishing the foolish Federbushian comments, whether you had forgotten to defend her. One thing you might have mentioned, in this year of separation, is that our Queen does represent a united, free land of state, through her belongings with Norman ancestry, present a value whose roots come from the same place the original Quebecers came from.

HARVEY C. BAKER, TORONTO

I think that the wild statements in Stephen Collier's letter on the Queen (September 3) should not go uncorrected. No wonder we have trouble over turkey when Canadians, off so many back-porchers show so little interest in learning Canadian history. Canada was not founded by Britain but by the French and for 150 years not a word of English was heard. English Canada was primarily settled by Americans, not the British. They called themselves American Loyalists and they were just as American as those that remained behind. Many of these were German and settled in such places as Kitchener, Markham and Peterborough. Others were French who settled in Cape Breton. Only when the country was already open did the English come.

The British monarchy is the apex of a pyramid of privilege developed in England, like the kingship of an arch American conditions made such a pyramid impossible and a monarchy is indeed an anachronism here. With but a third of Canadians of British stock, the monarchy is a force for division, not for unity.

C. B. WHITMAN, WILSON, ONT.

Majority should be made of sterner stuff. I find some of your recent contributions to The Refractor Debate a little hard to take. First of all, if Quebec wishes to withdraw from Confederation, there isn't a damn thing the rest of Canada can do about it. The P.M.A. Act, like every other expression of the human mind, is subject to repeal, amendment, or even outright disavowal. The fact that Queen Victoria signed it does not make it an immutable act.



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the pews there outside the Church in any way, but no ill-motivated, legal sense which is a disadvantage in the present order, they can still go to the Scriptures if their conscience is situated.

What I see evolving is a smaller spirituality based on Sacred Scripture, men's need as a religious renewal, and plus a common sense. If the modernists want to better and humanize over their images of power, delusions of personal grandeur and status, that's their pathetic condition. Man will go on in his own secular way spiritually, because it is his nature. We lived through the four centuries ago with the Reformation and experienced no decline in religious protest. The Bishops will discover they have no official claim to control over religion and spirituality among a laity more brutally laicized than they are; nor do they have a special place in a Church grounded in nature and spirit.

PAUL D. SPENCER, TORONTO

Readers of *A Loss Of Faith* were in for a depressing view of the Catholic Church some. Somehow Hubert de Santenna missed the good news! He accused the charismatic Renewal Movement in Montreal with ridicule. As one who attended all sessions of the Olympic Study, I felt it was far from ridiculous. Rather, it was an inspiring and a deeply moving experience. He makes sport of the people



Sometimes Bigger in 'Wind's self-evidence

"rolling their eyes in a false frenzy... I saw no rolling eyes but the good news is, don't be sad, be happy, let it show, dance, sing, enjoy it! After all, 45,000 people singing with eight bishops and 900 priests were having a good time!

I really had to laugh at de Santenna's "white crappies leapt from wheelchairs and prostrated themselves miraculously word!" Crapled would have been a better drawn piece because it was with the greatest difficulty that some made their way to the podium with help and frequent aids.

THOMAS BRADDOCK OTTAWA

It's the results that count

The *Bumper Crop* (September 89) maintains that *Why Shoot The Teacher, Who Has Seen The Wind, Remains and Outrigger* represent a breakthrough to "unprecedented growth" for the Canadian feature film industry. All these films came into existence because the Canadian Film Development Corporation invested money in them—a piece of information that you might feel, I agree, was irrelevant to their quality. Too many Canadian feature films are measured in terms of whether or not the taxpayers should have put money into them.

MICHAEL D. SPENCER
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
CANADIAN FILM DEVELOPMENT
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Maclean's

OCTOBER 31, 1977

Preview

Can Clark beat the odds in Quebec City?

As a national pastime, Clark-baiting is becoming something of a bore. Nonetheless, the seemingly baughted Tory leader appears to be in for another round next month in Quebec City, where the party convention will be asked to vote on the question "Do you wish to have a leadership convention?" Even pro-Joe readers were worrying two weeks in advance of Quebec City that the vote for a leadership convention could be 30% to 25% — a significant repudiation of Clark. "If it's more than 30%, the leader has to think about what he's going to do." Clark's people are working hard on the delegates, and if their positive arguments fail their vote will be in the hole: does the party want a leadership convention in the middle of a federal election campaign, expected early next year? "Even we Tories," smiles a Clark loyalist, "are smart enough to know we have to rally arouse somebody — and Joe is there."



Gerbo writes!

In 1910 silent promoted the movie *Aeneas Chaise* quite simply. "Gerbo Talks!" It was more than just a reference to the fact that it was the Swedish-born star's first sound film, in the golden age of Hollywood bubble-on. Gerbo Gerbo was a sphinx, a reclusive, a true woman of mystery. Gerbo did not

talk, especially not to the public. And in 1941 — after her last film, *Two Faced Women*, she renounced her silence and was almost never heard from again (died of '56, but not from)



Gerbo and Gilbert in 'Flesh and the Devil': quiet romance

However, the 72-year-old Gerbo has prepared a memoir called *Gerbo: A Biography in Her Own Words*. It will, so the publishing house rumors go, be both candid and intimate, detailing her romances, including the most celebrated one with John Gilbert, her on-screen lover in three silent films and the off-screen lover she came very close to marrying. There's one catch, though: it can't be published until after her death.

The children's hour

Cynics might say that the Prime Minister is merely trying up votes for the 1980 election, but he probably isn't doing anything more sinister than being nice to little kids the same age as his son, Justin. On November 16, on the CTV program *Keeper Answer*, five Ottawa children, pre-schoolers, will be seen interviewing Trudeau on Parliament Hill. Their half-hour conversation involving questions about why he wears a rose in his lapel, what Justin, Sasha and Michel think about

him, and why Parliament Hill is called Parliament Hill has been cut to about five minutes of air time, with perhaps the most elegant question-and-answer left in: "Why does everyone pick you every time there's a war?" "I guess they just like my name Pierre."



Trudeau and the Little People, comparing

Walking taller

A few years ago, the negative-beel show — more correctly known as the "earth shoe" — were touted upon the world and hard-sold as a cure to flat feet. The things that sold us. We'd walk better, stand taller, our ankles wouldn't hurt and our vertebrae wouldn't have to be fixed. Among those who cashed in on the eco-fad were two Americans: Michael Rudman and Doug Green, who founded Pose Natural Footwear in Toronto and who will do a \$15-million retail business this year. And guess what? Maybe a quarter of that business will be in normal-heeled shoes, wedges. Why? "We had so many complaints from people who found the styling but were uncomfortable with the heel," Rudman says. Among the converts are Rudman and Green themselves, because even they agree that "wedges are more comfortable. Look for health food stores to start selling Sava Lee coffee now."





Thetford Mines, part of the asbestos explosion that Parson and Lévesque (below) would take over one way or another

that economic disruptions and poor prospects were caused by the Parti Québécois government's determination to lead the province to independence. In response to that and to complaints of voters catalogued during a week of electoral-style campaigning by 30 National Assembly members, Lévesque in fact accepted his majority and resolved a mark-time in his government's march toward radical changes to Quebec politics and social structures.

Parliamentary hearings also plans to hold a referendum on Quebec's constitutional future were postponed a day before they were scheduled to begin. Study was put off for at least two weeks and the government withdrew its commitment to debate the separatist referendum bill during the current session. The Premier does say he wants to be on the television light over the referendum rules when unemployment, now running near 11% but a feared 13% under the dark clouds of winter. Referendum legislation will most likely await the warmth of spring which reduces antagonisms and heats up economic activity.

At the same time, Lévesque restrained the ardor of Cultural Development Minister Claude Lévesque who wanted to follow his *Chanson de la langue française* with a new and even bolder sweeping policy on cultural change. The policy is in wait-and-see mode. As the government approaches its first anniversary, it is haunted by echoes of

the Parti Québécois' earlier use of campaign-style good government. That is a year later, means providing jobs.

Short-term employment will come from a winter works program including construction of housing, cross-country ski trails and, perhaps to help the unemployed fight, 100 new government liquor stores across the province. Fundamental economic weaknesses will be used by more during autumn, shortly the all-out-of-Atlantic-owned Asbestos Corporation Ltd. by nationalization of pipeline corporations (all with General Dynamics Corporation). Short-term of Asbestos Corporation jumped by \$1.30 to \$26 before trading was suspended 17 minutes after opening of the

Montreal Stock Exchange the day the take over was announced. Government intentions had somehow leaked to a mining newspaper and investors distended to push up the price of Quebec stock. At \$28 a share, the government would have to count out nearly \$74 million if it went for full ownership. Nationalization remained only a backup threat but there was no doubt the government would insist to it should the Asbestos parent corporation maintain its refusal to sell. Though Quebec might be coming with something other than complete ownership, Finance Minister Jacques Parson made it clear that the province wants to be the beneficiary here. "We are definitely not seeking a minority interest," Parson, whose conservative fiscal policies have provided the government with the financial cushion it needed to support its economic program, ignoring its predecessor now that the company is Quebec's major preoccupation.

Quebec is the non-Conservative world's biggest asbestos producer but all of its mines are foreign owned and almost none of the uranium here is processed in the province. Take-over of Asbestos Corporation is part of the government's plan to have at least one-fifth of asbestos mined in Quebec produced under government-owned goods—building products, brake shoes—in Quebec factories. At it now stands, 97% of the province's asbestos goes to unknown users.

As Lévesque admitted, the shuffling of priority from language and independence to the company had as its purpose the creation of a better political climate. "Peace, Monsieur Trudeau's announcement that Ottawa would sell its mines (reference if necessary, but not necessarily a referendum) met with surprisingly little attention in Quebec. All parties treated it as almost irrelevant, agreeing that Quebec's political future will be decided by Quebecers. English Canada it seems, not considered to be nothing more than interested spectators once the confrontation resumes in earnest." DAVID TIMMONS



VANCOUVER

Mail the conquering heroes

Canadian wildflowers were in contrast with—let alone produce—man or woman who built the elements on a heroic scale and make history in the process. So it was an unusual occasion in October when Dutch administrator Willy de Roos sailed grandly into Vancouver's Police Crest Harbor after successfully piloting, for the most part alone, his 42-foot ketch *Wilhelm* through the formidable Northwest Passage in just 60 months, setting a world record for speed in the unstaffed craft used to go the route. The cheers from the 100- to 200-persons who had gathered to greet him had barely died down when the next afternoon, another man who had fought and won a different fight with nature arrived in Vancouver International Airport. He was Alberta mountaineer Tom Auger, returning with two of his colleagues from Nepal after being part of the first Canadian climbing expedition to scale a Himalayan peak, the 23,942-foot Annapurna, known as the "death" of the Mount Everest. Auger, a handsome 31-year-old mountaineer at Banff National Park, and fellow climber Steve Sutton and George Homer (who because of altitude sickness did not make it to the top) seemed slightly dazed by the television crew and reporters who gathered to greet them. "Apparently this climb wasn't on a lot more attention than we anticipated," grinned Auger, who had expected their achievement to be either ignored or played down. In some circles it was "I don't admit it but when I heard about these guys, I really making it up. Powers," said one Vancouver broadcaster. "I thought how typically Canadian to aim for second best."

The journey was not limited to the climbing expedition. De Roos had his triumph in Vancouver (anyway) earned by the protection of a former Mountaineers' journalist that he had met on his channel route.

August Himalayan Mountaineer



De Roos: Four months before the start

the passage since Red Rooster's slugging of the F. E. Rooster II, which had unsuccessfully tried to make through the passage at the same time as de Roos, complained that de Roos had had an inside for a five-week stretch first in Greenland to King William Island, a young Belgian, Jean-Louis de Gorbache, grandson of the first man to winter the Antarctic. De Roos in January 1985 emerged and holding a red rope given him by his assistant, stood on the deck of the *Wilhelm* in Vancouver to tell reporters he had always acknowledged the presence of Gorbache, who he pointed out was always a passenger and never a sailor.

Despite the mis-picking, it was clear that extraordinary risks had been performed by men more courageous than most in the Canadian club—Auger, Ian Row, 33, a mechanical engineer from Golden, B.C.; Lloyd (Kev) Gallagher, 37, an alpine guide from Canmore, Alberta; and Christopher Shantz, a 31-year-old Calgary native working in Afghanistan—and straggled up the last 1,500 feet of Pinnock in a single 40 mph. wind. "It was a real challenge whether we'd make it," said a climbing Auger. He understood there had been "some talk" of several of the Canadian going on a British expedition for as a result on Everest with the next two years. "People keep asking us what our next we have to teach," said the tired mountaineer climbing. "All we really want to do is go home."

For de Roos' home for the next while would be a complimentary room at Vancouver's posh Raytheon Inn where the publicity department has also eagerly offered to provide free passage for the *Wilhelm*. An emerging man, the 41-year-old Dutch-born former sailer who dealer sales often in heavily snowed England, allows the pleasure and excitement of following the historic route of the North Atlantic Sea.

Roos, the first to complete the Northwest Passage in one season back in 1944. He is also proud of the fact that he did everything himself on board from baking his own food to fixing his engine at a particularly disastrous one. "This voyage has changed me completely. Let's say that before it began, I considered myself a normal man. Now I have lost my mind. I have become insane." JUDITH TIMMONS

MANITOBA

A Lyon in autumn

Hardly forgotten and less than a month after even in the aftermath of his supposed loss, Sheriff Lyon once again had just returned for the Progressive Conservatives the biggest popular vote in recent Manitoba history. Rising to the podium before a roaring crowd he read only a few perfunctory words, before retiring quickly to a more reserved celebration upstairs in the Winnipeg Holiday Inn. It was a long time coming, but the Tories were back in the saddle.

The surprise wasn't the victory but the size of it. Manitoba voters had decided with startling swiftness to terminate their eight-year experience with democratic socialism in rejecting Ed Schreyer's New Democratic administration, they gave the Conservatives a clear majority in the legislature and an unprecedented 68% of the popular vote. Ahead lay Lyon's promise of "active, protected restraint."

Across the country, analysts on the right

Lyon's promise of less of the same



over the tin shanties of some of the city's 80,000 homeless—the poor still displace many of them transients from the south who live without water or electricity. The local body shop is busy repairing stolen Mercedes. The 40-year-old local street gang leader is here paying a look. He lives in a small-colored garbageman's apartment building. His apartment has his mother's eyes hung on the wall because she needs the money. From here, you can barely imagine the Italian countryside, fragmented into angles of hills and mountains, where dying villages perch like flocks of birds, still bathed in the light that illuminated Renaissance painting.

It's impossible to put the pieces together. There is no "whole" Italy anymore. It's not just that for a country always so rich the general level of disorder is higher, the customs shadier than usual. Or that urban crime is withering the flower-own life of the cities. The old Italy is crumbling, its social life straining. Inevitably it's striking away at its pillars in its endemic gas perversion. The country is caught up in a rapid evolution—some would call it revolution—of which violence is both the fuel and the by-product. At the turbulent core of the change are the young—students, unemployed, emigrants, the controllers. Their lives resemble a suffocating house.

beautifully designed with garages and cornices, but overcrowded and badly in need of renovation. They know full well that when they are born in the cellar or the attic, they have little hope of changing their position.

And now, they are not just hoping for change, they are demanding them, ready to take up the whole house if they have to. The majority of 50 million Italians, caught between the old and the new, are baffled when they are not frightened always waiting, always listening that will put the pieces together and explain away the splinters.

Those who will explain for instance why curly hair your students once again detested with lust, books and pens into the piazza of Italy's major cities. Why they looked at the black like modern-day blues the faded shops of Rome and Bologna. Why 45-year-old high-school students were photographed carefully among 198 pretels—source of supply unknown—at police. Why the stage became a human of policemen standing up out of their gas like Martians dressed in self-defense gear. Why there have been deaths on both sides. Why all summer long while the ruling Christian Democrats under Premier Giulio Andreotti and the powerful Communists led by Enrico Berlinguer for the first time worked on a common legislative program, also-left wing movements established in every part of their own resistance on society with bombings, kidnappings, killings. (In June there was a major terrorist attack almost every two days.) Why judges, prosecutors, security forces, and finally even pressmen were left with their legs shut up bleeding in front of their homes or in parking lots. Why even the Communists who with 50% of the vote, are so close to power, have lost control, replaced by the new "autonomous" who want no leaders. Why everyone expects things to be worse this winter.

The key piece Italy's students. Only they can answer why things seem more hopeless now than nine years ago, when they last rebelled to "open up" half an inch to the right. But an aim of the wealthy. So about 10 of them were bonded, most in blue jeans, all serious, into a Puritan apartment (you know where the gang leader lives) to replace to a foreigner about the Italy they are simultaneously destroying and re-creating. The students represent every political poison from ultra-left to centre, and in a country where every shade of political grey has a name and a making address. They start by giving out a few facts. Rome University was originally built for 50,000 and now has 180,000 students. "I've all shot up for classes at once, they'd have to put us in the toilet!" says 25-year-old Communist Emidio Tricella. University is only a parking lot—a parking lot. There are up to two million unemployed, most of them graduates or a skilled young people. Most of them students from the south or central Italy, have to resort to slum areas.



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poorly paid jobs to survive. These students (some are four living in this cramped apartment) are the sons and daughters of farmers, small shop owners, had the first generation of their families to make it to university, the first to hope to conquer the poverty of the old south—without having to resort to emigration. And now none of them want something for having played by the rules. But university has been opened to them, just as the emerging economy is starting the doors of hope.

"I want to work but I want to choose it," says a Serbian medical student, Pava Odilo, one of the growing number of left-wing "autonomists" who refuse to be cheated.

Totally, a Communist Party worker, re-plies with the party line: "In Italy today nobody chooses his job. With protest you won't change anything." They are angry with each other, the frustration because he feels Communists have "held out," moving too slowly to change the country. The Communist because he feels that society will destroy hope for reform.

"If you feel the anger and can channel it, fine," explains Totino Rosso di Vito, a socialist leader. "If you feel it and can't, you find yourself in a square in a demonstration and you just end up letting someone." But the discussion quickly deteriorates into a shouting match about

who hit first, who shot first in the last rally. The autonomous: "I had no weapons in my hand." The Communist: "Liar." They spit the ultimate insult at each other: "Fascist." The discussion goes off in a swirl to the kitchen. The Serperg returns wide-eyed. When a philosophy professor, Filippo Mignone, asks, "Is this the beginning of the revolution?" everybody just laughs nervously. "It's not in a way, isn't it?" he explains. "They can't accept facts because they would have to go beyond them and they can't."

Going beyond the facts, in the more than usually chaotic Italy of 1977, inevitably means taking a radical position. After the most Italian it is easier not to. After all, the country will float on its own perfume, still basks in the sublime life of well-dressed women and good coffee. Terrorism doesn't keep people, by now moved to every kind of crime, from packing the beaches. But someone is there, like a bomb now in every conversation. Up to three or four years ago, this innocent threat was from the Right—intellectual coup attempts (38 people are still being tried in connection with one such attempt), bombs on trains, attacks on long-haired leaders by gangs of toughs called squads. But the threat now, swinging like a crazy pendulum, is from the Left and is far more desperately effective. In the first six months this year, there were 1,148 terrorist attacks compared to 406 for the same period last year—everything from fire-bombings to assassinations. The suspense is growing that maybe this time the crisis is real. Says Alessandro Sili, an author who spent several months researching the background of Italy's latest crop of left-wing terrorists (his newest book was found in Los Angeles' possession when he was in Italy, "That time the crisis is different. It's not just feeling but something will have to break").

It's not so much that the economy, in some, is fragile. In fact, it has shown some relief, if temporary, improvement. Inflation is down to 15% from 22% last year. Services are down. Productivity is up by 2.5%. Italy has even started to repay some of her foreign debts.

But what makes these problems occur seems to Italy is a weak social and community conscience, a "me-versus-them" attitude, a lack of respect for everyday laws and regulations and the resultant disorder which most Canadians would find intolerable. In other words, a perfect context for complete breakdown.

The young people seem lost, rattling around inside stereotypes, impatient with them. Impatient with the chronology, the passport system, visas, which every job requires, the taking for granted that politicians are corrupt, that taxes should be avoided, that the phones won't work, that prisoners will always escape (80 did so last year). They are outraged that 292 of every 1,000 children die in their first year (compared to 127 in England), that Mi-

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last night in a shoot-out with police. Then police in Torino were too scared to show up in court after the 80 killed the president of the Turin Law Society. When Casco was finally tried this summer in Milan, he was surrounded by enough artillery to fight a minor war. In the end, he was sentenced to seven years for missing arrest.

At this week's meeting in Italy, it is no longer safe to be a politician. Take the case of Massimo De Carolis, a 37-year-old lawyer, Christian Democrat deputy from Milan. Seated, with during that eyes. He sits on the edge of his chair in the ornate wing room of the Italian Chamber, ever ready for flight. He is "right wing" even for a Christian Democrat. He advocates deals with the Communists and he has paid heavily for it. He has been attacked 15 times by leftists. They have punched and kicked him. Tried to kidnap him. Slashed the tires of his car, filled with the brakes, put dynamite in the engine (defused in time by police). His offices have been riddled several times. At four o'clock one afternoon two years ago, a woman and two men walked into his downtown Milan law office, guns stuck forward to clear the way. They tied up five people who happened to be in the office with De Carolis and took them to the basement. Then they tied De Carolis against a wall and quickly, coldly, shot his legs from under him. He now moves with a 24-hour police escort. "I'm not troubled too much by terrorists," says the father of four, his voice quietly swallowed up in the gold-braided room. "I sleep at night."

But even though he is part of the power structure, De Carolis is just as impatient as

the students for change. Since the war Italy has had 36 changes of government, but in reality has been governed by the same regime—the Christian Democrats (crist), a party of Catholics, small businessmen, farmers, white-collar professionals. It has formed coalition governments, presided briefly at the helm in power. In a country where everything is political, it has had a virtual monopoly of all jobs. It was no longer just a party. It became the state. Says De Carolis: "But now it is at an end. The cci has no more strength." What signs De Carolis is not the fact that the Communists have now moved in to all the "sweet" jobs—the arts, courts, local government and unions—but

De Carolis (below) has been an outspoken foe of all things left, and has paid for it in blood. So too—and more so—did the officially injured plainclothes cop (bottom left). In Bologna, in September, ultra-leftists imprisoned radical lawyer

the fact that the cci are going up without a fight. That the cci are allowing the Communists to through the back door—bringing them into the legislative process while not giving them actual ministerial jobs. This suits the Communists who are only too happy to work their way into power slowly rather than face the "premature revolution" that eventually cost Chile's Salvador Allende his life. All around him, De Carolis sees people accepting the inevitability of a Communist rule. Businessmen are quietly shoring elsewhere (quite a few in Canada). Others illegally struggle money out of the country by the billions. Even the terrorists sense this. "The battle has been engaged because the terrorist is convinced and rightly so that the political system in Italy cannot go on. They are desperate to stop it once the break,". Suggestions that Communism would not really "take" in Italy are com-



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The Bologna deathplace of student Francesco La Russa is now a secular shrine.

disely decreased. Conversation will take, he says, in a country where everyone expects the state to do everything for them, where it is virtually impossible to be fired, where if a company is large enough it can't go bankrupt because the state will take it over, where the gross demand of the people who visit his political office is to give "these little disability pensions" even though they are not disabled. "Italian society is only the sum of small habits," he says just before he flies into the Chamber. "They are not new individuals."

Not in Italy. In this weak moment, to be weakly in Italy. It was a foggy morning in

dung. His family was notched. The usual Mafia tactics were put in motion. An improbably high ransom demand (six million lire). A long waiting period to let the frightened wait. Twenty days passed. The bargaining started. Silence again. A month and a half passed. Finally the agreement in the meantime. Monteleone lived, chained to a cot. The only hygiene, a chamber pot. No air. It was winter and there was no heat. Water dribbled in. Almost complete darkness. Bread and salami to eat. Every time one of the captors (Shahen) came in, Monteleone had to wear a mask. As was allowed with order, used to a detailed hourly schedule, he began to fear the loss of time. "If you lose that, you have nothing to hold on to." Fear became the everyday companion. "At a certain point, you feel you may die, you get used to it. Then you are not as much afraid of dying as how you will die."

Monteleone was lucky. After four months of confinement, police on the track of other ransoms searched the farm where he was being kept. It took them four days of digging to find the hole in the barn, under a cow stall, that led to the underground room. Monteleone was so frightened of a truck that he kept his own risk, and police could convince him he was free. His family never did have to pay the ransom. He was lucky, too, that he didn't end up as a criminal himself, the son of an infamous, iconic manufacturing

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family, who never surfaced even though
100 dollars were paid out.

So far kidnapping in Italy has remained
primarily the job of the Mafia, a sto-
riographical Italian extension accepted with
the same kind of disbelief as other news.
The kidnapping boom started in Sicily and
southern Italy in the 1960s and quickly
moved north. In 1970 there were 46 kid-
nappings. In 1976 there were 48, and in the
first six months of this year there were 96.
Many of those victims are still missing.
One was killed while trying to escape.

But you don't have to be powerful or
wealthy to find the police detestable.
Elton Cretina, 40, has owned a stand-up im-
pression bar just a couple of blocks from
Rome's famous Fontana di Trevi for the
past eight years. For the past two years she
has watched Rome, the city of eternal
night, becoming more and more a place
where the Mafia is closing up shop for fear of
losing their earnings. Added, people leaving
home, or if going out, keeping their gold
pendants and watches at home. Her shop
has been hit by seizures several times. One
morning, the Trevi gang, youths about 15
years old, grabbed her purse with the
week's take. They waited her they would
set fire to the shop if she told police. She
did not believe. True to their word, they
retained. It wasn't like that until Monday.
The kidnappers said, "Then you
could leave your purse in the middle of the
square and no one would dare take it, the
says. We made things worse."

Year after year the votes for Italy's next
prime minister, the Italian Socialist Movement
(wsi) in the hope that the golden days will
return. "It's such a gradual thing," says the
35-year-old mother of two. "Suddenly you
realize something has changed overnight."
Then she smiles sadly. "If it continues
like this for four or five years, there will be
bad things. Worse case."

Increasingly, the Mafia is not just a
threat, so reminiscent of the 1920s, just a
period for another decade? Italy may
very well be on the point of sliding
toward a strong, low-and-order regime,
but a would probably be a regime of the
Left. Throughout the terrorist activities,
Italy's Communist have clearly stepped
back and are supporting stronger pro-
fess measures. They stand to lose even
more than the Christian Democrats from
continuing deterioration caused by terro-
rism, and stand to gain more if they seem to
be able to control it. Their stand has com-
pletely alienated the young who feel they
have lost their own voice in government.
As for Italy's politicians, they are now
split, bleeding inwardly, and looking very
often in the last election, the left captured
only two million votes, and early this year
half of as much as the Christian and the
Senate broke away to become a new "re-
gional" party.

San leader, Giorgio Almirante, a 62-
year-old former journalist, dwarfed in his
high ceiling office in a 16th-century pal-
ace in Rome, laughs bitterly. "No, these

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is no real possibility of a detachment of the Right I have no desire for it. These things just amuse me. On the other hand, a detachment of the Left is quite possible."

A student student sitting, now in the Law Building of the University of Bologna. Members of the Italian press are assembled around the tables, but by now this is an old story for them. It's a story about how a nice middle-class medieval student 34-year-old Francesco Lorenzi happened to find himself in the middle of a student riot last March 11. How he happened to

Ultra-leftists flashing the now-universal "People Power" salute in Bologna this fall

catch a police bullet full in the chest. How his death resembled waves of riots in student centers.

In the corner, the mother, a school-teacher, sits dressed in black, a tall ascetic woman with thin light hair and pinched blue eyes that refuse to stop staring at her chalk-white hands. Beside her is a young leftist lawyer who has called the press conference to demand why the policeman who

shot the father (who has not been charged or even interrogated). A medicine professor wants to explain in scientific detail how Francesco must have been running away, not a tucking the police cord on. He hadn't died right away. He had lived 20 seconds, time to run a few meters, before collapsing under an arch. The heart had continued to pulsate, the shirt had filled with blood.

"Madam," the professor says turning to the mother. "I give you all I can make such sad explanations." But the mother doesn't mind. She has taken up her not a battle, even though she has always loved a sheltered life, the one who had in his teens pursued the revolutionary ardor of the father, a police official.

"I understood my son. He wanted the creation of a better world, a good and generous world. The young people have enormous ideas of the future." Ten thousand students showed up for the funeral even though police banned a procession.

Fifty thousand students paraded singly in university centers even though the family appealed for peace. "He became a symbol of the fight," says her other son, Giovanni. "The young can only fight with violence. The anger has accumulated for so long."

The press picks up their notebooks. The mother leaves, taking her grief home to a middle-class Bologna suburb. Only a gap remains where a young person belongs.

Could you pack your life in one trunk and come to Canada?



What does an Icelandic traveller's trunk look like? A depression era kitchen? A nineteenth-century Cape Breton coal mine? An overcrowded steerage berth on an immigrant ship? These are some of the questions posed by the two new permanent exhibits Ottawa's National Museum of Man. Called "Everyman's Heritage" ("The Folklore Hall") and "A Few Acres of Snow" ("The History Hall") the exhibits deal with the Canadian roots; where he came from, and why he came; how he lived, worked, and entertained himself; how he survived in a sometimes unsavory environment. Most of the immigrants didn't really know what to expect when they packed their meagre belongings, sometimes in a single trunk, and came

to this rich and harsh new land. They were pulled here by the promise of land, the possibility of work, the promise of religious and political freedom, a chance to share in the building of this country.

The two exhibits, located on the fourth floor cover some 15,000 square feet. Museum staff have worked for more

than seven years to plan, research and build the two halls. A few moments spent in them can't help but give a strong sense of our varying, yet common beginnings and an insight into where we may be going. Dr. William Taylor, Director of the National Museum of Man, put it this way:

"The past is present in us, we can begin to understand our present only when we recognize it as a continuation of our past."

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Mutiny on the tundra

If René Lévesque can do it, so can Charlie Watt

By David Thomas



"This," declared Charlie Watt as he surveyed the Quebec winter morning, as on the isolated outskirts of Fort Chénier, "is an bigger part of Quebec." For Watt, the leader of Quebec's 4,000 Inuit and the only adversary of the Parti Québécois government yet to score a district seat, that was the conclusion to his display of defiance against the province's new law that French be the language of its residents.

It had happened suddenly at the summer end when such status old-line nationalists in Cultural Development Minister Claude Lévesque were lifting their own linguistic conception. But while the cocktail glasses were clinking in the swivel-stained salons of Quebec City and Montreal, the edges of Quebec's northern frontier bubbled with the revolt of a native population that Quebecers didn't even know they had. Lévesque's mostly play advanced as the triumph of cultural purity over Anglo-Saxon domination, was leading to a surprise success. The media were slipping and reporters swooped onto the unlikely amphitheatre of Fort Chénier to take up their places in the chorus. The colonists they intoned, was really Quebec.

And while down south, English Canada was enjoying the burning suffered by Quebec's government, another message was speaking across the northland. The peaceful days of Inuit resistance were over.

Though Watt's declaration of independence might be hard to defend, either on court or in war, it rings with enough truth to make the Inuit and the top third of the province they occupy, including the occupations for a government bent on splitting away from Canada, without losing great chunks of its own territory. There is no doubt that the Inuit would overwhelmingly choose to leave Quebec should Watt over exercise his desire to call his own referendum. An adviser close to Premier René Lévesque told Watt, "Northern Quebec is a real danger zone for us." The reasons are simple enough. If Parti Québécois logic rules Quebec, it applies with infinitely more power to the province's Inuit who, with their own language and culture, are the majority in a clearly defined territory they have occupied more than 15 times longer than the French have resided in the valley of the St. Lawrence.

By cutting off its air deliveries and keeping their children home, the Inuit forced Quebec's northern schools to close. And by making this Quebec pull out its adminis-

Watt strolling the streets of Fort Chénier: the forces of counter-revolution at work

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troops they were rewarded with another of those remarkable blunders that have marked Quebec's attempts to establish its Arctic authority. A squad of hulking riot troops descended to defend the outpost of Fort Chénail against the malicious natives. Only the pitiful belated were missing. It was the first time an armed force of whom had been aware to quell the threat, although throughout the parliamentary occupation the soldiers themselves had looted the sale of beer, avoided any hint of violence, and refused orders to remark that the drink was not for sale. When the new beer queen, Charlie Wynn, raised prices, the Indians and Quebec replied with a show of Ennawew.



Asphalt barrels along the bluff, jutting out on either 'occupation,' the Americans use

Lost in what was rapidly degenerating to a comic opera on the last days of an empire was the reality that, as it came to the attention of the British, the Indians had not only adopted language but, much more to their credit, had also adopted the written word. The terror the culmination of five years of battle over land had instilled in a document called the James Bay and Northern Quebec Agreement, 1975, was the realization that, with the outbreak of warfare, even the Inuit leadership argued that the language law, by leaving it to the government to set the rate at which the natives must be assimilated, was a far more realistic than the land agreement, signed by the old Liberal government. Under the agreement, the pace of French introduction would be left up to the French themselves and they would be free to assimilate the natives through control of a new regime, a school board. But now, here was Quebec's new government saying the loss of friends and relations moving to northern Quebec from the south was a loss of its own, and that the Inuit were the only ones who were

The harsh wording of the law, particularly the use of "must" to define the least obligation to use French was meant, in the inalienable mind of Laurin, as a slap at the greedy hands of the natives who had come

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A view of re-confidence in the Quebec government in other words, more laws

needed political leadership of their own. When Charlie Watt decided to become a leader, first he had to create a political structure to lead. The closest thing in at the time was a constituency council in Fort Chimo which had no power and was a waste source of news information for federal officials. Twenty-four years old, Charlie Watt was elected as president of the constituency council in 1968 and his words began for him and personal power.

Five-footed and dark-skinned Watt's white blood is more obvious than his Irish ancestry in crowded bar-dance units, nobody would stage out Charlie Watt as anything but a white, thin, slender. Deep, honest white cheeks for the Hudson's Bay post when an Anishinabe military doctor delivered his son, Charlie. My wife says his father, a Hudson's Bay factor, left before his birth and the two met only recently. I've missed the handshake with his West Anishinabe quickly. "I never experienced growing up with a father and I never met him." His dark eyes tend to stay shyly averted but, alerted, they can con-

centrate with the steady of a less focusing the sun's rays to point.

Watt lives in both worlds: in the north with his wife and kids and in the south where he keeps offices and an apartment. His ability to move in the south and live in white style sets him apart from most other Inuit for whom schooling was quickly abandoned in irrelevant. "I had to learn about Debs and Jane and about business I had never seen." Watt reasons here. "You try your best to understand, but a year later you'd wonder 'What am I doing here?'" After seven years study in Fort Chimo and one in Yellowknife Watt was sent to Kingston where the federal government decided to treat northern natives to operate the railway annual to their survival. But there was a problem. Most of the students couldn't understand English and none of the Canadians could speak Inuktitut. "I didn't have much time to learn," Watt recalls. "I was not busy interpreting for the other Inuit. My English

wasn't too good, but no one else could translate." A series of jobs followed, first as a clerk in Ottawa, then keeping track of goods unloaded at a Buffalo Island new Line station, then another supervising Inuit children in a Churchill hostel. Everywhere Watt became the key to communication between Inuit and white.

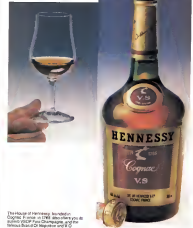
"I felt the council could do more than just give information to the government," he says. "It could make our people aware of changes and represent them." An Inuit was raising his voice. His complaint was the erosion of northern jurisdiction to Quebec without native accord. Unconvinced to such persistence, the federal department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development recommended the veteran Watt to Ottawa for a talking to by a now retired assistant deputy minister. "He told me he didn't like me making it," recalls Watt. "He said only the Anglican bishop had any right to speak on behalf of the Inuit." The government man tried another angle: he offered Watt a better job. "I refused. I said I would find my own formula to deal with the problem." The department rushed by train eight or ten 300 Inuitmen up the Ungava Bay coast, leaving Watt to resign from Fort Chimo's constituency council. Out of sight in George River, Watt plotted his escape, contacting in 1972 with the co-president of the Northern Quebec Inuit Association. The Inuit had a leader and Charlie Watt had power.

The accumulation of power was evident. His office is furnished in executive choice, occupying the upstairs corner of one of the four, cedar-paneled chalets built by the Inuit association to house its bureaucracy and staff members. In a row along Fort Chimo's highridge they overlook even the government housing for whites and would look more in place somewhere along the Côte d'Azur, picked in the heart of a Mediterranean cliff. The sharpest of proof is proof for the Inuit group's purchase of a million-dollar company aircraft, a turboprop Beechcraft too fast to land at any of the existing settlements. It brings Watt and his employees between Fort Chimo and Montreal. The Northern Quebec Inuit Association is so struggling to keep its community. A hefty expense account boosts Watt's salary as president which itself is well over \$20,000 but as one of his critics concede: "Charlie is the only person capable of doing what he is doing. And what he is doing needs to be done."

But, while he has the confidence of most settlements, Watt's authority is countered by three communities of Inuit who challenge his right to decide shared rights for money. It was by signing away the rights of Quebec's Inuit that Watt and his association became the trustees for about 380 Inuit who he paid out in compensation over the next 30 years. Native people across Canada are worried the James Bay agreement will set a negative precedent and the settlement of their land claims will

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Occurs as a signatory to the deal between Quebec and its natives.

What Watt and Côté Jackson negotiators gave up for that money and sale to a worried lot of land is enshrined with broad clarity by the first paragraph of the agreement. It reads less like a contract than a military capitulation: "The James Bay Cree and its First of Quebec hereby cede, release, surrender and convey all their native claims, rights, titles and interests, whatever they may be, in and to the land in the territory." A mere 126 Quebec miles of land are involved for the exclusive use of the First who are decreasing in a force that shows other people in Canada, doubling their number every 10 years. Even on those reserved lands Quebec retains all mineral rights and the liberty to form any rivers with hydroelectric potential. The resources that could have made the North and northwest were banded over, and the last of the three divided settlements refuse to recognize the agreement's legality. Though they nod with Quebec in the language dispute, some government officials consider the division to be the second-generation revolutionaries, the ones who will ultimately convince the nation that Watt is in bed with the whites.

Was delivered, the agreement, saying no other active negotiator would have done better and pointing to the overwhelming ratification vote of the First as proof of their satisfaction. It is, however, far from certain that the majority of the natives understood the agreement and its implications. Watt's power to lead without his followers having a clear notion of the issues was shown during the language dispute when a few statements convinced leaders of the First of the importance of the agreement and its implications. Watt's power to lead without his followers having a clear notion of the issues was shown during the language dispute when a few statements convinced leaders of the First of the importance of the agreement and its implications.

The withdrawal of the whole of the land by Watt is now writing. Now they are situated from upstages themselves before essential land resources. And land independence can only grow from one level of the land agreement, the point Charles Watt says in the book. The whole exposure of forest, timber, timber and timber water above Quebec's 50th parallel will be given over to local government. Residency requirements will include immediate whites from voting, lowering First politicians' family in charge. Similar on paper to any municipal administration, the French regional government is not likely to keep itself only with public works. "To survive, the First had to give everything, their money," says a white involved in the land negotiations. "They know no limit to consumption: that's why they drink until the last bottle is gone. When they get a taste of political power, they will be just as insatiable."

That confession, which no real Charles Watt, may in the end be a gift to the First of Quebec's dominion in the north than a sign of the language or not.

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The Rasky touch

Immodest? He has little to be immodest about



Harry Rakis is not especially kind of reminding him he has been doing it for the better part of 30 years. In winter his 49-year-old body chills through the waters of Toronto's Central Water Pool every noon hour (in summer weather permitting, the first thing Harry does each morning is climb into his car for a 1976 Buick and drive 1.2 miles from his Toronto home in Rosedale to the Moonshine Community Swimming Pool, where he swims a slow constant mile for 15 minutes and then drives home for breakfast. When he lived in New York, he swam nearly every day in the 47th Street Y. Harry Rakis is a devotee of hotel. He always works for 13 minutes. He always smokes Red. He always naps. He always dresses in tights he wore playing on stage in a movie about 10 years. And every year or so he takes out another well-washed dunderbag for his table when he departs.

Since his return to Canada in 1972, Rakis has made films about Tennessee Williams, Stephen Leacock, George Bernard Shaw and Jerusalem. All have been acclaimed. His most recent work is *Blasphemy To Chagall—The Color Of Love*, a 90-minute ode to the Russian-born painter, in praise of which critics from New York to New York flocked over author Judith Cole, a long-standing admirer called it "glowing, a gem to life" and staged a national retrospective of Rakis's work at the Tarragon Theatre. Film prizes in Los Angeles and San Francisco con-

ferred awards. And then it's pouring, so soon that *Blasphemy To Chagall* will win at least an Academy Award nomination and possibly the Oscar itself.

A more singular development will unfold this month as Rakis's film opens at eight Famous Players theatres across the country. It has already played to selling audiences in six American cities, including a two-week run at New York's Little Carnegie that drew 30,000 people. In its 25-year history of television, indeed in the entire history of tv, no other network, no film made for the medium—no dramatic, no entertainment special, no news documentary—has ever been given subsequent theatrical release. Rakis's *Blasphemy To Chagall* is the first.

This is his small achievement.

For their tenth wedding anniversary in 1975, Ruth Arlene Workman, Rakis's wife—she has a poster of Mar. Chagall's *Portrait of a Woman* and suggested the artist might be excellent material for a film documentary. Harry agreed. Chagall was almost 90. He had been painting for 70 years. He was intensely loved, almost universally loved, and whatever one thought of his work in Art it was undeniably beautiful to look at. Harry decided to go to see him.

Attending a film festival in Monte Carlo, Rakis took an unexpected side trip to Chagall's home in St. Paul de Vence in the south of France. He knocked at the door

Rakis underplaying a bust of "Falling Men," his most precious (above) and cited from Chagall's *Le Paradis* (right) in the swags of perseverance on Oscar?

An unfriendly servant informed him that Monsieur Chagall was not at home to receive him, unless. A large dog snarled. Harry left.

It ought to be said early on that Harry Rakis does not acknowledge (let alone deny it at all). In 25 years of film making he had managed to see, among others, David Ben-Gurion, Hsiao Shu-tsun, the Royal Dandi of Sweden, Lyndon B. Johnson, Fidel Castro and Martin Luther King Jr. That Marc Chagall refused to see him was merely a temporary inconvenience, nothing for him to dwell on.

Back in Toronto, Rakis called powerful friends in New York, people with close ties to Chagall. None felt close enough to play the go-between. Other avenues led in other dead ends. Some public figures, one might have concluded, are simply untouchable. That conclusion did not occur to Harry Rakis. He is not a New York demonstrator, not a Harvard-graduate, not a fight between and dogged and persistent and absolutely relentless in pursuit of what he wants. He will just call a wing to a day's closing and every last camera angle has been covered. He will not begin writing his final script until he has exhausted all relevant footage from his libraries and stored himself in the li-



brary of his subject, pouring over texts and becoming like a literary scholar and being friends and associates with his acquired expertise.

At length, an Israeli government minister advised suggested that Rakis try contacting Teddy Kollek, the mayor of Jerusalem. Kollek was a good friend with Chagall. Already known, Rakis's work—a framed ink drawing, *New Year In Jerusalem* hangs on Harry's office wall—was, to and behind, just happened to be visiting Toronto and staying at the Inn on the Park under an assumed name. Rakis called the hotel and asked for the room the mayor of Jerusalem was pretending to be. The mayor answered. Harry asked to see him. "I'm leaving tomorrow and I'm busy today," the mayor told him. "But I have breakfast at 10 a.m. What would you like for breakfast?"

Harry's godown breakfast with the mayor led to an exchange of correspondence. Kollek wrote to Chagall, praising Harry's work. Harry wrote to Chagall asking whether he would consent to appear in the film. Madame Yvonne Chagall, the painter's wife, wrote back inviting Harry to come for a year. But she made no commitments on behalf of her husband.

Undeterred, Harry Rakis flew to France, taking a full day's drive with him. They went directly from the airport to Chagall's home. The servant needed. The waiting dog was silent. Rakis sat under the windows at the Hollywood Medical Centre. The artist was ill.

"Making this film will help me live longer, not less," he said. "Of course the Bible is simple. Chagall is complicated."

Harry agreed, readily.

"Well, perhaps I will work for your camera," he said, and he did.

Harry and nothing.

"But first I must go to Switzerland for 10 days. You will wait for me."

Harry waited. He shot paintings in the Chagall museum in Nice. He shot landscapes. He shot sunsets. Finally, Madame Chagall called. "We are home. Come at 2 p.m."

Harry was nervous. The sky was overcast. What if it rained? What if Chagall changed his mind? What if Rakis got lost in the woods? A \$400,000 film and the man won't talk—who needs it? Chagall walked out into his garden. He seemed in good spirit. The sun pierced the clouds. The mist lifted around it.

"Where do I sit?" he said.

"Sit."

"Don't you want me to talk?" Film crews have seldom moved so far to light a set.

Harry Rakis is the fourth son of the late Louis and Pearl Rakis, who emigrated to Toronto from Kiev in the early 1920s and set up home in the back room of the Mackay Street synagogue near Dufferin

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and St. Clair. The room was non-truc-
grom in exchange for Rudy's national
services. The family children, daughter
business manager, nonetheless, to fi-
nister the education of eight children. In-
stead that was the practice. He discovered
however the very day the youngest Rudy
collected his university degree.

Harry Rudy went from the University
of Toronto to Killarney Lake, Ontario,
where he wrote articles for a newspaper
owned by Lord Thompson. He did not like
the weather, which was cold, and he did
not like the money, which was \$27.50 a
week. He returned home and joined the
C.N.C. in order to be present at the creation of
Canadian television. Rudy was executive
producer on one of the first C.N.C. shows,
and directed the earliest version of
Newsweek and was part of a group
determined to make a considerable impact on
the radio. Rudy, Frank, Louis,
Gordon, Arthur, Hilda, Norman, Joseph,
Christopher, and others. With five years of
the C.N.C. in 1952, most of them had
departed for the United States, including
Rudy, who was in New York and worked
for Irving Berlin at the New York and then
freelanced for 13 years, selling documenta-
taries, in every major English-speaking
network in the world. But by the early 1960s,
Harry Rudy had started to think seri-
ously about returning to Canada. The big
U.S. networks were doing their best to
understand the market.

Harry Rudy works out of a small cor-
porate office in downtown Toronto. Like the man
himself, the office is disheveled, cluttered
with one personal edition of Rudy and The
New York Times, books pertaining to past
and current projects, letters from fan-
tasy, adventure, coffee stained newspapers, and
other exotic types of Rudy's films.

Neatness is not a factor in Harry's life. It
is possible that he sometimes runs a brush
through his graying fringe of curls, but he
lacks the evidence. The wall with
sound mixing the culture of the not-jacket
up, life will spend a day cleaning up on the
shelves of his coat for months. He will wear
the same pair of pants, torn at the pocket
stitch, for two weeks continuously. Rudy
rarely notices. If he notices, he does not
care. Fine clothes, like diamonds, are
none—he has no time for them.

Beyond his wife, a Tennessee girl he met
in an apartment elevator in Greenwich
Village, and his two children, who Rudy
can't miss about in his work, a photo in-
ventory of which hangs on his office wall.
There is Harry with Fidel Castro in 1961
dancing interviews for his celebrated, Cuba
and Castro Today documentary. All of the
species, including one with Che Guevara, a
Minister of Industries before he de-
cided the joys of armaments were conducted
after midnight. When the Cuban govern-
ment appeared for business.

There is Harry with James Mason in
Westminster Abbey, the subject of his
1967 film, *With O'Keefe Rudy's* first at-
tempt to raise drama and to relate in the

documentary film. The film won an
Emmy. The English placed it in a store
and based it in the Most Holy, Vail
net in be opened for 100 years. "If you re-
spond in the morning," Rudy told Ma-
son, "you can collect medals."

There is Harry with Owen Wilson, who
played Macbeth in Rudy's *Shakespeare*.
Rudy has 1970 film about the Vatican. To
get the necessary permissions, Rudy had
received *And O'Keefe Rudy's* Archibishop
William Caron, the Pope's English-speak-
ing secretary and a Canadian. Caron liked
the film and wrote a recommendation
Paul VI to sanction the new project. His
Holiness visited the movie and sent it

back—an act everyone interpreted in sig-
nifying papal authorization. No one had
the temerity to ask His Holiness just what
his initials meant.

There is Harry with Tennessee Wil-
liams, who wrote the film *My Tennessee*.
Williams, who in 1975 he has
maintained a close friendship. Lunching
with him once a month in New York and
staying in his at the Plaza Hotel, where he
lives and where the doorman, strong, a
strong resemblance between the two men,
believes Harry to be the playwright's
brother and calls him Mr. Williams.

And there is Harry with the Chagalls in
the south garden at St. Paul de Vence. The

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film has been a kind of search for Rasky, certainly its inception was unlike that accorded any previous work. Every day, it seemed, there were new inquiries, calls from Madison Wisconsin or Portland Oregon, calls from people who had heard about the film and tracked down Rasky to ask whether they could see it. They would Web Toronto, however. Marilyn Koffler, Rasky had formed a company to buy distribution rights from their side, and to market the film around the world.

He took his work as constituting a personal record, a legacy for future generations. "I want these films to have an end-of-life," he said, "so that if you want to know Chagall and his relationship to his work, you will turn to this film. I would certainly feel I had missed something if everything I did disappeared after I disappeared."

Rasky is quite deliberate about it. He works in television because it reaches the widest possible audience. He has his big name now because that work helps his own survive. He makes 90 minute films when ever possible because in television a 90-minute show is more important than a 60-minute show. And he always gets after the Big Saloon, movies with international appeal. *Nova Year de Jerusalem* embraced the story of the Bible, said. If the Dome of the Rock could survive for 1,000 years, so might Barry Rasky.

With the same tireless enterprise with which he pursued Marc Chagall, Rasky promoted his film—and himself. Refusing to be less, he took direct to launch to tell them the inside story of his latest project. He wrote letters thanking them for kind and thoughtful reviews. He gave out cocktail parties to bond editors with media heavyweights. And he stepped a five-page curriculum vitae that began "Barry Rasky is a man for all media." It cited the titles of three unpublished novels, one unpublished screenplay and greeted John Leonard, the celebrated New York Times columnist as saying "Rasky is doing better work than anyone in Los Angeles and New York."

Barry's promotional energies aroused his colleagues. They looked at the manuscript on the Little Carnegie Theatre, which read: "Rasky is a man for all media." And they smiled. They gave him reviews. They wanted to accept them as they had learned to admire his propensity for never having a dollar in his pocket when there was coffee in his jug. Of course since people think promotional work is Barry's personal quest. By implication, the same people do not think about their highly of his talent as director and writer. Rasky, they say, is a creative producer—little more. He gives actors free rein in interpreting their

roles. His scripts cannot largely of other writings: the plays of Williams and Shaw, the poetry of Leonard and Chagall, Biblical and historical texts. His own prose is mixed with purple. He writes heavily on his cameraman, Ken Gregg, his editor, Arla Saxe and his composer, Russ Applebaum. Saxe is particularly indispensable.

In spite, Rasky's writing—imaging those who are simply judges of his talent or his budget or the close that permits him to spend more than a year on a single 90-minute film—must be considered, to film art is identical, to film literature is modest and to film technique is virtually nonexistent. He is a package, he defines



Rasky and Chagall at the latter's home: portrait of artist as portrayed of artist.

popular subjects, perform magic, as was their competitive and put it all together with solid camerawork, excellent acting, brilliant editing and a fresh musical score. Few would it be, but on the real world of commercial television it is a flourishing one.

Rasky himself rejects this theory, saying "Writing isn't just words." He insists "It's not just the narrative backdrop of various thoughts. It's visual and emotional, the entire fabric of a script. As for directing, I know more about the workings of a camera than most out of 30 directors. Ken Gregg doesn't do anything without my approval. Indeed, the very great directors have all come out of downtown—Karel Reisz, John Schlesinger.

"I think my greatest strength is the total taking of the three elements—writing, directing and producing. Some producers have no creativity. Some very good screenwriters can't work with actors. I do all of those things. Not only to have the script, but to get after Marc Chagall and to get him, but to know how to handle him as a human way, to know how to live around him, how to talk with the narrative. Everything must be orchestrated."



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Harry Rasley has always been his own best customer, but he has spent a few loyalists on the crowd. *Frank Beckwith*, author of *Tale Of Pines*, regards Rasley's work as "richly impressive" and says Rasley has built a "significant figure" in the evaluation of the documentary. *Tommy Sore* columnist Bob Blackham, one of Canada's best TV critics, considers Rasley one of the two best documentarists in the country—his other candidate being Donald Brittain.

"I respect his intelligence," says Sam Atkins, a Ken Gilling, thought apparatuses to the contrary. Gilling says Rasley is aware of everything happening on a set and quickly responds if he sees or hears anything he doesn't like. His editor, Arlo Saure, with whom he worked at the CBC in the early 1970s, doubts whether there could be a more ideal person to work with. She says they have quarreled seriously only once—during the run on *Chapel*.

Rasley wanted to play over Louis Martin's reading of a *Chapel* poem. It was about the Cross Room and I thought mine would absolutely destroy the effect of the reading. Well, I was in the control room and Harry was on the floor and when we reached that segment I said: "Keep the music down, and Harry raised his palm upward and said: "Bring up the music." Nothing happened. Bring up the music," Harry repeated. Then we stopped and I went down and found: "Harry, you can hear your music if you want it. But you won't have me. Because I'm going to walk out this door." Well, he smiled and he looked and he finally gave in—not very gracefully, but then he told me that a New York reviewer had written that we must have been strongly inspired to use music over the music and how was he not going to move the temptation. He didn't have to tell me.

For a very long time, Harry Rasley considered *House To Chapel* beyond well-thought, the perfect synthesis of image and language, film and narrative. But in a moment, he began to realize one or two things that did not seem quite right. Nothing major, nothing he would go back and change, just a slight here or two in construction or perspective. He seemed genuinely pleased by his discovery, as though it signified something more than the mere absence of absolute perfection. For just as a character, of Rasley to know that a film is "almost perfect" is to see it in character, of him to leave some personal space for personal growth and improvement. His work on two more films—*The Peking Man* and *Man's Burial*—and his interest in photography with photo-artist/illustrator, Will and Ariel Durant—are among his most complex. And he has plans for documentary projects on Saul Bellow and Alexander Solzhenitsyn.

Harry Rasley is 49 years old and can look forward to perhaps another quarter century of productive film making. It would not do to reach perfection just yet. One does not want to peak too soon.

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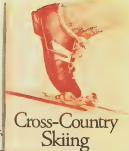


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The next Canadian hero

Catching up—figuratively—with Gilles Villeneuve

By Michael McHugh

Gilles Villeneuve's frustration is as palpable as the pungent odor of burnt brake pads that has settled over the trackbed at Trois Rivieres, Quebec. It's

a sunny early September day, the flag-waving end of the race is the Miller's Grand Prix, which the 25-year-old driving superstar swept last year. He should have won this one, instead, it's a race that will go down as the last but not least of his career.

It's a pity, because he had a six-second lead on the apex car. Then two American drivers, Greg Young and David Bruns, charged into each other and there was a crash with a car. Villeneuve lost his precious lead as all the cars lined up under behind a yellow pace car. With the tempo gone, his engine faltered and two cars passed. When he attempted to make the second one, he spun in a desperate bid. He



Villeneuve pushing his Ferrari—yet unsuccessfully—at Mosport (above) and in the pit (left): the First of his kind



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brushed forth, looking like broken ice caps. Villeneuve steps out of the dark blue Cui-Ain car, a muscular physique, a compact jockey controlling 200 horses instead of one. Shortly, because of sheer exhaustion, he collapses on his helmet, deeply scratched from other races, spins and crashes. The support of his fireproof balaclava leaves a small oval-shaped wound in his eyes—the only eight square inches of flesh exposed while he drives. The rest is covered by fireproof long Johns, ratchets, socks and a double-layered driving suit with mid-arms knaght gloves. He has lost five pounds in weight, enclosed in a cockpit where the temperatures sometimes go up

to 160 degrees Fahrenheit. And he's blown it after two days of tanking with the engine and suffering the temperature readings of his tires, all because of another driver's error. But here he is, still talking about the "last second," about probing it harder and harder. Still saying, "When you're reaching your limit, you know it because you're half on track from the walls. If the wall would be five feet farther, I'd see that five feet."

Talking is to the limit, despite the many losses along the way: the discomforts of this young hot rodder from Sherbrooke, Quebec. In the past four years he has gone from being a championship

novice to Canadian National Driving Champion driving Formula Atlantic cars, and a new launching is slated in the big leagues—Formula One racing in the Grand Prix circuit. He did so well last year—he won six out of 10 races he started, even beating world champion James Hunt, a regular Formula One driver—that Team McLaren signed him up for four Grand Prix races. On July 16, he led behind the wheel of an M-23 McLaren in Silverstone, England, for the British Grand Prix, the first Canadian to race a Formula One. He finished eleventh after seeing out difficulties with the car ("The car was vicious. It wasn't predictable and it could easily get away from me"), and "the boy" was hailed by the London Times as "among the brightest new stars."

McLaren didn't take up an option to keep Villeneuve on contract, but Ferrari, one of the world's toughest racing teams, quickly stepped him up. He went from a former championship team to this year's championship team all in one season. His first appearance in a Ferrari was at Mosport October 9 for the Grand Prix of Canada, which once again frustration was the winner. He spun twice and came in with 15th, resigned in having to leave the glory to a car owned by Montreal industrialist Walter Wolf.

Frustration has never stopped Villeneuve. He remembers going to the races at St. John's, outside Montreal, and getting mad. "In those years money was unimportant. It seemed like you needed a lot of money to get into it. I thought the other drivers I saw there were a bunch of weaklings. I thought it was easy. When you are on the other side of the track that's the simplest thing to say. It got me mad seeing guys who had the money to do it but not the talent. So I never went back to races until I started doing it myself." Now, he has four seasons of Formula Atlantic racing behind him. (Formula Atlantic cars are similar to the Formula Two cars used in Europe, single-seat, open-wheel machines powered by 1,600 c.c. Ford Cosworth race engines where reigning drivers train for positions in the Grand Prix.) But a hunt's been easy. It takes between \$70,000 and \$100,000 to run a season properly and in the past few years it has been hard for drivers to find the money. Villeneuve's first season was a disaster. He finished his first race third. In the second race, the engine blew up. The third time out, he spun off into the weeds. In the fourth race he went into the guardrail at Mosport in a hairpin turn and broke his left leg. A month later, he drove at Mississauga in a full leg cast, finishing ninth. The season ended sad, he was broke. He was forced to sell his home to pay off the debts. But he still had one thing going for him. He was a very talented snowmobile racer—good enough to be the World Champion of snowmobiling in 1974. That explains why he is as much from physics form. He is a



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ways making something. He continued on the winner of '79 on a very tight budget. He started calling players on advance, asking for appearance money. He started winning more and more prizes. For him, it was the best feeling that he ever made like was on the empennage wheel and he knew was still there.

Skoruda is a knowledgeable company under fresh management, wanted to represent it as much through using the firm thought. Villeneuve could help sell more machines. After many discussions Skoruda made a deal with Villeneuve with one condition: Villeneuve said "If you want me, you sponsor my car racing too." He didn't.

get when he asked for but he did get enough to run in the summer season. That year he won his first Formula Atlantic race. Also, after all the talk had been said, he had broken even. He was no longer in the red way of setting up a car and how to identify and solve a problem."

The following year, Skoruda gained even more money into the car racing. He won nine out of 19 races. It was a driver's dream come true. But his most important win was at the Grand Prix of Trans-Siberia. He beat all the imported Grand Prix drivers. This included James Hunt of England, then-to-be world champion. That one was opened everybody's eyes to his driving potential. Villeneuve could do his success to his team manager, Ray Wardell.

"Without him I would have away won all those more last year and I would not have had my contract with McLaren. It wasn't his driving, because I do my own driving. He taught me more, the thinking of it, the way of setting up a car and how to identify and solve a problem."

Every minute that Villeneuve is away from the car, it is being worked on by his team of mechanics. No other sport demands so much attention to keep the equipment in form. The work for the mechanics is not complicated, it is tedious. If you look at a machine, the most visible attributes are his hands. They are dirty but they are never inactive. The go of most machines is that they never fully recover from one car or break while working before they receive another major push. Villeneuve no longer considers himself a race driver. "When I first started racing, I used to do all my own work on the car. I had it but I couldn't afford anything else. Now, I don't want to touch the car. Some people to help the guys along. Things like changing an engine—I hate it. Now you can drive well and be your own mechanic. You're too tired."

When Villeneuve is racing, every time he brings his car back into the pit for consultation to see if things are improving, the Goodyear tire man takes temperature readings with a special device. He scribbles on the outer and inner edges of each of the four tires. Then he writes all the numbers.

Pit-stopping slow and steady doesn't win



on a little design and gives it to Villeneuve. What this tells him is the way the car is handling. Too much oversteer or understeer will cause the tires to have improper heat distribution across the surface of the area. If one tire is overheating, the mechanics will change the suspension settings to try to balance things out. The next work will only within a certain temperature band. When you put your hand on them, they feel like a hot gummy city sidewalk. Each set of tires costs about \$350. Villeneuve will use three different sets before he finds that last second which will give him the pole position for the race.

When Villeneuve wakes up on the morning of a race, he lets his mind wander and dreams about the race. To see where he can make mistakes and where he can improve.

What does a driver experience when he races? Picture yourself shrunken, wrapped in a hockey puck on a slippery puck moving around the corner of the pit. Insects are sucked into the vacuum of the cockpit to kamikaze themselves against your face-plate. Colored shapes dance in your (the driver's) mirror—a challenger is making you wobble his vehicle. The goalpost looms frighteningly close to reality the periphery of your vision the ribbon of a grandstand catches the sun like a million fish scales spurring lightning away and behind you. Dissolving abruptly, the energy of the pack transitions to the wing meeting and you feel the shoulder straps



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that severe you to the car tightens—slowing down from 100 miles an hour to near zero in a matter of yards because the brakes are that efficient. You have been so fixated toward the completion of a race that sometimes you are not able to raise your helmeted head after you have broken; you have to wait until the next acceleration picks it up and back before you can see.

You are feeling to me very powerful sensations and the experience you are dealing with is too forceful similar to those subjected to a hockey puck, the velocities changing constantly from player to player, short scrappy transfers and loop, fast

graceful passes and sometimes they actually fly. A crash—what is it like to crash at speed? During a short training session for a crash, things appear to slow down. You watch the object that you are about to hit with a certainty that it is happening so slowly that the worst before impact is unbearable. Already the mind is questioning what went wrong—error or mechanical failure? Legs and arms and the complete torso are tensed in complete concentration and usually one phrase is repeated in the moment of impact—"Ah, ah!"

In a lot of ways, this is just the beginning for Villeneuve. At the end of September he

went on to win the Indianapolis 500 in the second year in a row after that disappointment at Texas Roadster. But now that he is replacing World Champion Niki Lauda, who left the Ferrari team to anger Villeneuve is going to have to deal with all the politics and pressure that Ferrari is notorious for. Villeneuve says, "I'm a calm person. I guess that makes an awful lot of sense in my life. I don't get excited easily." He was talking about his racing career, but he will need it all to get through the political chaos of Grand Prix racing. And while he is fast enough, Villeneuve will also have to cope with the redneck driving that produces physics like the one at the Grand Prix Grand Prix. Says Bill French, who is one of Villeneuve's top drivers, "Villeneuve is a class driver. I mean he won't drive you off the track. Besides it's almost impossible to teach him." Villeneuve turned up his two laparoscopic position in the particular race for reason. "This is a dream come true for me. Now I have to prove that I can do it." ☐

The men behind the mask from Eastern Germany on snow to harvest as farmers



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WORLDWIDE

The World

Seven minutes that shook the world—and helped to make it a safer place

It was all over in seven minutes. After a five-day odyssey of terror and just one hour and a half before the expiry of a hijackers' deadline, 80 men of the weak West German Luftwaffe and a naval squad burst into a Lufthansa Boeing 737 on the barren runway at Mogadishu, Somalia. What they captured, shudderingly shown, three of the first hijackers were dead. But all 85 hostages came out alive.

Both the fast itself—and the worldwide rejoicing that greeted it—realized last year's equally daring Israeli operation at Entebbe in Uganda, which saved the lives of 103 hostages. And though the explosion was widely debated by conspiracy over the deaths in their West German jail of three members of the Baader-Meinhof gang and the murder in reprisal of German hostage Hans-Martin Scharf, these events could not obscure the real significance of the Mogadishu rescue.

The similarity between that operation and the Entebbe rescue was more than coincidental. Members of the West German death squad, probing from the Israeli example, had rehearsed the attack carefully before, boarding an aircraft of their own and striking their quarry at arrival of the jet ship even on its mounting route around the Middle East. But there was one significant difference: a precedent that may well eventually make hijacking on a grand scale as opposed to such by individual madmen, too expensive for the hijackers. The West German went into Mogadishu with the knowledge and tacit approval of the Somali government. If other governments follow the Somali example in letting foreign death squads on their soil

and the success at Mogadishu makes this highly probable, future hijacking may find they have almost nowhere to go.

Another first to emerge is that several of the countries most at risk—the United States among them—now have their own anti-hijack strike groups although their countries have been carefully concealed in the Mogadishu rescue showed. Five members of the public knew about Unit Nine, a 178-man group formed in the wake of the Munich Olympics massacre five years ago and trained since, at a cost of \$4.5 million, in hand-to-hand combat and the latest anti-terrorist techniques.

Fewer still knew that the Japanese also have secretly trained an anti-hijack unit—and recruited to use it to foil the recent seizure of a Japan Air Lines DC-8

over India. In the end, the Japanese—to worldwide note—had a release in a jaded 90-minute and handed over its million dollars in cash to obtain freedom for the so-called Japanese Red Army. But the victory might have ended very differently if the Bangladesh government had been as helpful to the Japanese as the Somalis were to the Germans. The Japanese were preparing to strike while the airliner waited on the tarmac at Dacca, the Bangladesh capital, where Chhat Mangal Lal

The body of pilot Jochen Schwanberg being removed from the 737, 400 hours of terrorist control of the time, in Somalia (bottom), and some of the freed 88 passengers (above) as a new rule is in effect



Administrator Zin or Rahner intervened to say that no bloodshed would be allowed on Bangladesh soil under any circumstances. Even then the Japanese did not give up. According to the news agencies, however, the hijacked planes collected plane components and one wheel of the plane off the runway in an attempt to damage it and prevent takeoff (an exact repetition of the same while at Dhaka airport arrested suspicion and cast the life of the pilot of the German hijacked plane).

Japanese Red Army Members merely promised stepped-up action against the imperial family and the 200 bourgeois families having property of more than 10 billion yen (\$400 million) each. If they carry out their threat they will find the special unit waiting from their recent setback, waiting for them. So, more than likely, will future hijackers. At least, after Bangladesh, terrorists can no longer count on being safe wherever they show down. *David South*

VICTIM

O what a lovely peccol

Michael's correspondent Jim Muller, who covered the Vietnam War for the London Daily Mail, returned recently in sample the atmosphere of the country. Here is his report.

At the Kim Nguyen in the center of Saigon, now known as Ho Chi Minh City, a tragic busload of refugees landed in a crowded stage in a book store, apparently like a Western nightclub act. Of course, not at the Peacock. What they are really doing, an official explains, in performing the duties of the Vietnamese National Movement.

However, that is not the only cultural life here, formerly the U.S. Officers' Club, often the focus of revolutionary and anti-imperialist songs that are the staple cultural diet of foreigners in South Vietnam. Tonight, anti-Indians two light-colored boys, magnificently Van Hung aged 13, and Phung, eight, who look suspiciously like two of the city's infamous peccoleros.

Like a woman singer, standing stiffly in a room, did sing a duet called I want the Ho Chi Minh mountains and the evening did end as usual with the conventional singing of Vietnam. We Ho Chi Minh Vietnamese revolutionary song that the general line of the show as shocked the Communists among the group of West German with whom I was traveling that they promptly asked for a political meeting with the club's director, a former North Vietnamese reporter who had covered the Paris peace talks. The show was not positive, they told him.

More than two years after the fall (or liquidation) of the South, the new united country's leaders in Hanoi—provincial, state and national—are learning that the atmosphere of Ho Chi Minh City—urban, international, entrepreneurial and

three times the size—is going to take a little longer. In an attempt to bring the South under control the North is establishing four classic Communist workbooks, the "book." Ho Chi Minh City has been divided into 15 districts, called quans. Within each, families are divided into groups of 10 each called a phung. The aim is to plant one adult person in family among every 10 ordinary families. Each ethnic family, composed of ideologically sound southerners, or southerners trained in the North, is supposed to advise, influence and spy upon the families in its phung.

The cadres wear red berets and are conspicuous on the streets and quick to use their considerable power. They assert people whom they find not revolutionary. They spot prostitutes, and they look out for stray beggars (all beggars carry registration cards, and since the Vietnamese are not allowed to move away from their hometown overnight without a permit, a stray beggar is a giveaway). But there are no whole new major orders to be read. Waste, many are being induced by the South and Hanoi is turning to use them on a short-term, rent basis.

Of course there have been changes in Saigon—many of them. Some are symbolic. The former National Assembly building has been turned into a theater since all decisions are taken in Hanoi, some merely regrettable, like the fate of the Hotel Royale, with its appalling planning but excellent cuisine (it is now a five-story city where women make red flags). Yet the most forceful impression is how little, not how much, the city has changed. The Saigonese retain the cautious they have acquired from dealing with those earlier warships the Japanese, the French and the Americans. On one outing, someone hit me on the back of the head with a cherry bomb as I strolled. These were familiar shouts. "Hey you! What's your name?" and "You, Number One!" usually followed by a ripple of laughter. Children came running shouting "money, money, money, money."

Saigon has fewer cars than before but far more than Hanoi. There seems to be money around. People still can't eat in restaurants. The ubiquitous little blue and white motorbikes fly for hire. Gasoline is available on the free market, though at a price (\$7.15 a gallon).



The bay's entrance—strategic sounds destroyed his legs—are a reminder of the war, his wife a reminder that it's over, as he looks across at the street of the new Ho Chi Minh City.

The official rate is one study of this. Another impression, shared moderately by diplomats in Hanoi, is that there is no evidence of mass reprisals. Individual cases are being settled but, compared with the horror going on in Cambodia, the Vietnamese solution so far has been humane. It is, however, a relative humanity. There are an estimated 150,000 former South Vietnamese soldiers still in re-education camps. They are living in conditions that are extremely primitive and many in some cases are brutal.

Again, 700,000 people have left the Ho Chi Minh City for their native villages, or to work in the new economic zones in the countryside and suburbs to relieve 700,000. All are described as disaffected.



entire but throughout the South the emphasis is on reconstruction through hard, physical work. Yet collectivization has not yet begun and thousands of small, private businesses continue to operate in the cities. Western diplomats say Hanoi's slogan for the South—"by evolution you become master of society and production"—suggests that for the time being change will continue to be slow. But there is a strong focus in Hanoi that would like to apply a Cambodian style revolution and brutality. That must. It may get close to that. But for the moment the grip at the Red continues to dance to Saigon's old familiar tune.

ULSTER

The Quiet Man

When Billy Williams and Maureen Corrigan, Ulster's "peace women," came forward on October 30 to accept the 1976 Nobel Peace Prize, the words they will almost certainly have been typed up for on a battered Japanese portable be longed to Garry McKewen, a married 35-year-old poet. Many would believe McKewen should really be up there on the platform with them, sharing the \$140,000 prize money.

That is, if anyone connected with the Ulster peace movement wanted to be there. For the protest, behind the scenes, McKewen is only one of the active supporters of the Campaign/Williams against war law and sectarianism. Ulster opinion to question the wisdom of the Nobel committee in awarding them a prize. Most of the doubt centers on the movement's lack of tangible success, despite its 385,000 headquarters in a house at Bellah's Lough Road, full-time staff and full-time staff in the United States and on the European continent.

The Irish brooding Belfast-born McKewen, a sort of cynic, the Guevara signifier he has been accused of in terms of his belief that "Betsy and Maureen's emotional aspect would have been diagnosed if Ulster's eyes had been able to say that the two girls had been looking for a professional propaganda." But now the peace people have a Nobel on their trophy cabinet and over \$550,000 in pocket funds to disburse, with perhaps eight times to match money on the way and the peace-seeking philosopher who played William Higgins to the peace ladies' Eliza Doyle.

He is hard to categorize.



Corrigan (left) and Williams studying an earlier set of peace prize, and McKewen, as usual, relegated to the background.

McKewen was an established Northern Ireland-based journalist, usually passing his time on the last day of his holiday in August 1976, when British Army bullets killed an IRA car driver. As the story hit home the vehicle carried over the bomb and into 33-year-old Maureen Corrigan's wife and her children, killing three of the youngsters. By the end of that tragic afternoon, an enraged 33-year-old housewife named Betsy Williams had spontaneously collected 6,000 local signatures protesting the province's continuing slaughter. McKewen's relatively modest to cover the story and put his point "temporarily" under the step. It stayed there for the next two months and more. For once Corrigan Williams and McKewen put together there was a motivation to move. As McKewen tells it they were desperately in need of help in dealing with repression. "They couldn't see what our plan was, we didn't have any."

For the first few weeks McKewen confesses he "thunkly lived a lie." The deception was such that he was writing news letters for the press about rallies he had organized in secret. One of his brothers had 50,000 people had attended a peace rally when the actual crowd was around 20,000. Half of one of his features was a reprint of the very peace people declaration he had authored in secret. "Quite honestly I type wasn't confident enough about the movement to completely give up my career as a journalist during those first few weeks," he says. "It was publicly seen to be their adviser, my position as an objective journalist would be forever compromised. So I phoned off from early on—the speeches, usually in the second appearance—Joan Baez's appearance, the band came from the back again. But finally I said to myself 'you've been a poet for 30 years and you've done a lot



doing things about your beliefs. So I quit the paper."

It must have been a tough decision for a married father of five and, since August, 1976, he says he has become involved to the tune of about \$5,000. He doesn't draw a salary, but has won an excellent grant from a Norwegian peace group for about \$14,000 and has received the first half of the funds. Originally, says McKewen, he decided not to draw a peace prize salary because "I felt I didn't want anyone asked or assume the organization to feel I was looking off my money." Now he's beginning to think he made a mistake. "People don't approve as what they don't pay for."

One source, as McKewen's genuine ambivalence about his position. He has written well over a year and of his life to a monumental cause. Yet today he finds himself an outsider, looking in when the kudos, awards and cash are being shared. His disapproval is deepened by the criticism that is beginning to cloud the image of the movement. McKewen is briefly described in weekly philosophical treatise and is proposed in the grim reality of day to day life in Ulster. Campaign continues, international projects, youth clubs have all been announced say the critics, but have then lapsed somewhere in the stage between planning and execution. Volunteers have left the field complaining about an extremely "personality cult."

McKewen's was once too indolent to have been mainly on the international plane. Eighty-five percent of the funds received have come from abroad. His career focus has been helping to shake off the flow of funds into parliamentary reform from Irish sympathizers on both sides in the United States and Canada.

This large-scale is perfectly in line with McKewen's own early life. He built himself, looking Northern into a problem, he feels, is just a tiny first step toward taking up the life of the whole world. How far has he progressed in that grand plan? McKewen poses to the (unfriendly) last

that there is no violence in Utah than before the probe started. But it is in the way that the state is trying to police efficiency and an IRA crash-fire? No everyone is an ace of the universe as the No belt commentee

ART BY BOON GALLAGHER

THE U.S.

The new color barrier

Alan Bakke, at 51, is a relatively young guy. He doesn't want to cause trouble. But his private fight threatens public policy and now he is almost into history. A victim of prejudice, he is the center of America's most significant racial controversy since Alabama Governor George Wallace blundered the schoolhouse door this time. However, the argument is more subtle.

A public-clinic doctor and university professor from California, Bakke is suing "reverse discrimination." He says through his lawyers, he gives no interview that he was refused a place in the University of California's medical school while 16 whites or other minorities were accepted with lower qualifications. He was admitted. "Minorities" are given special preference at most American professional schools. The way Bakke's lawyers (and millions of white Americans) see it, the university is giving privileged status to one as doing is unfairly violating both the 14th Amendment to the Constitution and the Civil Rights Act of 1964. To quote the suit: "All persons shall be treated to be free from discrimination or segregation of any kind on the ground of race, color, religion, or national origin." By law, states are



Bakke: a question of racial rights

race, regulation, rule or order of state or any agency thereof

Bakke took the university to court. The case reached through to the highest legal authority in California, where they used the university's "quota" system for minorities was unconstitutional. The same system is applied to the Supreme Court and the justices are due to pronounce next year.

The Bakke, who offers simple but numerous examples of the court rules outright for Alan Bakke it will provide a precedent which could, and would, be used to delay or deny racial progress for decades. The race is never far from their hearts in America. Only this month the Commission on



Never mind what they do, watch what they say

Debatants often talk with hot heads tonight. What they mean is often hidden by what they say. To understand their code requires schooling in the language of civility: the substance of ambiguity. One of the reasons why the superpowers of the Middle East don't have immediate impact was that the codes were confused. A good example is the Geneva talks. The United States and the Soviet Union spoke of the Palestinians. "Legitimate rights." Previously Washington had always referred to Palestinian interests and the Soviets to "national rights." Clearly there had been a compromise—or had there? In the old code, it is terribly significant that the Palestinians wanted a homeland on Israeli-held territory while "national rights" indicated that they should have such a home. Israel interpreted the new language as meaning that the Arabs had rejected the Arab side and a look days of civil war negotiation—President Carter and Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan failed to do so. The dilemma even-

Civil Rights should that black unemployment rates to white has increased steadily over the past decade and it is more than that twice as bad.

Forty percent of black teenagers are out of school and out of jobs, the median black family income lags \$3,500 behind that of whites, and in the urban professions (medicine, law and engineering) blacks, who make up 11% of the population, have only 2.2%, 3.4% and 1% representation.

Archibald Cox, the Watergate hero and liberal activist who represented the university in court, says that unless the university continues to take the realities of black-growing into consideration and make room for the best of the "black" and "white" minorities the circle will go unbroken.

What is going to happen? The new Supreme Court judges are aware that a vote against the university's racial program would end the so-called "affirmative action" scheme which gave the minorities hope a wide range of jobs, as well as universities. Busing and better housing where it was not for the minorities.

Then, the hearing in Washington is that the court will rule that "quotas" for minorities are illegal. This would allow universities to admit the "disadvantaged" so long as they do not set minimum or maximum figures. But it might not choose to flout the issue in this way.

As the Supreme Court convened a tall and slender black man stood outside the building waving a placard which read: "We will not be taken in." He was a sign of protest to remind the court that the minorities are not always delivered under one of his hearings.

If the media are not on the record? It means they can quote by name. If information is given "off the record," it must not be reported at all. It is "on background," it can be used but the quote must be attributed only to a government official and not to anyone by name. Deep background? indicates that journalists must not quote anyone directly but can use this information saying that they have "learned" it. No wonder the lack of straight talk leads to confusion. But then, diplomacy is one area where it may be fully not to judge.

WILLIAM LOWMYER

People

Aside from being one of the most sophisticated in the world, the most successful in one respect: he has five albums have each sold more than one million copies, a record. **Elvis Presley** is also



Gravitas: what a friend he has in Elvis

the presence of Christ. I hope he will let me not write and then give me another job somewhere else." He's also looking forward to meeting at least one other famous personality up there. **Elvis Presley** ("I believe I will see him in heaven. Elvis was a deeply religious man, especially in the last two or three years.")

A whole generation of Washingtoners has grown up with a childhood knowing no other mayor than **Stephen Jauch**. For 21 unbroken years he's presided his department. Sometimes he's been the once posed a protest group to have the city treat that had been condemned by his own engineering department board of politics. But one of the things he has made him a national figure, and it's gratifying to know that even his critics from the conservative, never then diminish the legend. Jauch had announced he would run again, and he seemed off—so he intended it would be three would have been candidates. Dennis

Presley: the wages of fame is gossip

this year's version of the Great North American Sex Symbol. It's a race the 31-year-old star has an approach/avoidance relationship with. "I don't know how good a sex symbol I am, but I think I'm good at being sexy," he said in *New Times* and getting hugged by his supporters. He's been linked romantically with everybody from California Governor Jerry Brown to Mick Jagger. "In Roma Barone's (Hollywood gossip column) I've always off with everybody's husband. Some of them I don't even know. I keep saying I wish I had as much as I had in a girl in the newspapers."

By his own figuring, **Billy Graham** is going to die soon and go directly to heaven (after paying out more collecting \$200). He might be expected the 58-year-old evangelist in looking forward to the prospect. "I will be glad to go away from that pressure under which I live every day and get into



Wells, Ken Galambush and John Goss. John wanted to see if there is any more. There at the last minute, on October 1, Jauch soaked into the city darts' office and withdrew. It was an odd thing to do, but he's something even older: he really doesn't want to leave office, and so far has given no palpable reason for his doing.

Back in June Yankee manager **Billy Martin** pulled **Ruggie Jackson** out of right field for leading after a ball hit over that way and tried to grab him into a foul ball in the dugout. Jackson went on to lead the Yankees in the American League. East Coast, possibly. Martin pulled Jackson out of the lineup in the last game of the play-offs with Kansas City Jackson pulled a key single to help win the pennant, after which he said in an interview that he would never play for Billy Martin again. The war continued in the World Series, Jackson publicly rebuking Martin for using Carlton Fister in the fourth game, and Martin responding by saying that Jackson used "kiss my legs" too. Then, of course, Jackson called back their homers in the last game, hit .450, set or set right Series hitting records and became Everybody's Hero, even Martin's. After the game, Martin and Jackson were talking and Martin was, as usual, talking about punishing somebody (see *Begin* this issue) and Jackson said, "Anybody fights you, you hit him to fight the both of us." To which Martin replied, "And anybody who fights you, you hit to fight the both of us." And he loved grand?

Martin and Jackson may a harsh word

Business

The Great Rush of '77

By Suzanne Zwanun



CP Air flight 11 to Prince George, Fort St. John, Fort Nelson, Watson Lake and Whitehorse isn't scheduled to leave for 15 minutes but the little throng of people, all with reservations clustered around the Vancouver passenger gate won't be on it. "I'm sorry, the plane's full," a tight-lipped clerk keeps repeating. The group Irish away unhappily to find Congressman G.K. Ireland already directed with an aide whom who is complaining that the entire Fort Nelson school system will close down tomorrow unless he gets to Fort Nelson today. He doesn't.

A lot of people heading north to the Alaska Highway are getting jammed off planes this fall despite extra flights. "It's been like this for weeks," Ireland sighs. "Every flight is full and most are overbooked. Everybody's heading north with a two-way ticket and a dream in their pocket."

The traffic and the dreams are fueling impossible fantasies about a pipeline route to equal the Gold Rush of '66. Vancouver newspaper claims hundreds of people are sleeping in their cars in north-

ern British Columbia and police fear people will freeze to death. Northern nations talk about a man in pepper spray around with a four-inch lock-down for a child's throat in his pocket, looking for anything to buy. Rumors of multimillion-dollar deals are traded over coffee and the stories are embellished speculatively as they make their way along the Alaska Highway. Sifting fact from fiction has become the main preoccupation of government officials, tourism directors and business people.

At Fort St. John, 400 Mile 47 on the Alaska Highway, the northern lights are strung across the early evening sky as if someone had dropped a celestial bolt of light. The airport is a small, unpaved and remote tourist coordinator Dick Aubley is in a quandary. It is still possible, with advance planning, to find an empty room among the motel's 2,000, but Aubley sent a press release south warning people not to arrive without confirmed accommodation. He advice got horribly distorted: a few people oversteering in their cars became hundreds stranded, the Peace River's popu-

Employment at Whitehorse (leaving in two provinces, arriving at another matter) and part of the town's construction boom, striking claims and failure of M&B 010

lation of 43,000 was somehow reported to have swelled to 80,000 in six weeks. Escaping things are happening in the North since the Alaska Highway pipeline became a reality, but the reality isn't their reality. Aubley warns.

The Alaska Highway, starting at Dawson Creek, B.C., was pushed north in the early 1940s as part of the war effort. The discovery of oil in 1955 cemented the future for construction at the northern end, or so thought the farmers who followed the oil and gas boom. In fact it all faltered out a few years ago and looked to stay that way until the carry cross boom and the B.C. government charged higher fuel prices once again made it profitable for oil companies to start explorations in areas that weren't economically feasible two years ago and the departure 23 months ago of the NDP government and its policies on royalties made exploration seem safer.



Then international attention centered on the pipeline which will flow across the Yukon into northern B.C. That construction equals a major move in the oil screening field, "a boom that nobody's saying we see here in the 1970s."

While the drive to Alberta worries the rest of B.C. there seems to be as many vehicles from Alberta as from B.C. in Fort St. John. The post Alexander MacKenzie Inn where a swimming pool gives the lobby turned away 80 people in 24 hours. B.C. Tel reports a 30% increase in northern business. CP Air traffic jumped 54%. Bank & bank cleared old buildings demolished, new subdivisions and apartment blocks are appearing. Mayor Pat Walsh says the price of one commercial property rose \$10,000 overnight. Aquatic action on the city's outdoor was built last year, he says, and concrete piers and farmers are still working into the dark every night, but every lot has been sold for industrial use, not the developers are moving on to the next quarter section.

Talk about the gas pipeline has even more excited, but northerners rightly point out that the boom of the current boom is the oil industry. This fall 38 exploration crews descended on Fort St. John, population 10,000. In the next two years, Wascana Transmissions will spend \$150 million on various pipelines in a 100-mile radius of Fort St. John. Northerners are hoping cost

development will go ahead at Sukkida and the Hydro wants to put a major dam three miles south of Fort St. John. "They haven't started to move a piece of pipe yet for the Alaska Highway pipeline. Nothing is really done yet, but people want to be where the action is," says Aubley.

Bill Stark, a partner in C.C. Brooks Realty, gets calls like the one from a Tetonensis willing to buy anything for the Stark's money. "The reasonably priced sold a lot of land in the 1970s," Stark says. He purchased 40 individual acres at \$12,000 an acre and are negotiating for a power alongside the Alaska Highway. They're willing to pay \$15 million for 66 acres and are hoping to build a 100-mile oil-shipping canal. A Red Deer group bought 80 acres for condominiums, an Edmonton group converted a commercial block. A 120-acre produce, selling at \$35,000 a acre, changed hands for \$750,000. "It's amazing what big money is shoveling around," says Stark. Realtors agree. Land prices have been depressed for years. But in weeks they climbed to normal levels from kept going. A Fort St. John man who bought his house 15 years ago has been offered \$750,000 for it, double what he paid. "We simply are out of houses to sell 10 days ago," says Al Jones owner of a realty and a construction firm. His own problem is finding labor to build. Men from farming areas from Calgary, working crews

from Prince George, Bill Dyer, publisher of the daily Alaska Highway News-memo. "The only newspaper in the world that gives a writer's dream about the North Peace"—had to pack a would-be reporter back on a plane soon. "He wanted the job but he couldn't see why he would lose."

The Ministry of Economic Development claims Peace River, at 11.5%, has the second worst unemployment rate in the province. But the statistics are three months old and deemed "a board" in Fort St. John. Canada Mortgage, which was among 55 job seekers a day, now handles 125 to 150. No reports, so they're assumed to be getting work.

At Whitehorse, Mile 99 on the Alaska Highway, the mountains surrounding the city are crowded with new and Yukonians have broken out in the province for another year. That normally sends tourists fleeing in the opposite direction, but this year the tourism-boosting, worth a large holiday with the chance to look over future prospects with the Alaska Highway pipeline, goes through. Companies are flocking north with no impact about Yukon regeneration, the post office is handling inquiries about mail delivery for companies that may be arriving soon. A few early birds arrive hoping to get jobs on the pipeline although positions are up in Canada Mortgage offices across the country warning. "Look before you leap. North No Yukon gold rush. Contrary to rumors, jobs are not immediately available in the North with pipeline companies."

What a big business is that Whitehorse is flooded with rumors but rarely by land investments. "At the right price, almost everything downtown is for sale but prices are astronomical," says lawyer Allen Lusk, new owner of the Whitehorse Inn. A 100-acre site south of the city with a 100-acre reputation, the inn reportedly sold for \$80,500.

Scott Bender, who turned down a multimillion-dollar offer for his Ben Hill Hotel, says, "It's opened at a lot more than that." He is one of a two-million-dollar deal for the Yukon Inn. A Whitehorse resident who missed by a point on an expert area property that was selling last spring for \$150,000 discovered that the price was low. He had agreed on the \$200,000 he had agreed on the day before.

There's also a bank business in residential property and prices are up, partly because incoming towns have kept and partly because local people are being doing some speculating. Mayor Les Chisholm is worried about the pipeline leaving Whitehorse with a housing glut. The city, population 14,500 now, is expected to increase by 1,000 at the peak of pipeline construction. Local people are being offered only 100 permanent jobs, population will shed again. Whitehorse's 162 square miles makes it the third largest municipality in Canada but little of the land developed and only one out of nine



Port St. John's streets paved with oil

ding with providing expensive servicing that will be needed only once partially.

But the mayor, like everyone else in town, is finding it hard to discover exactly who is doing what to the city. The frustration was enough to bring together some latter enemies. A mid-October meeting got everyone from the Yukon Conservation Society to the Chamber of Mines to agree on two urgent demands: immediate establishment of an Impact Information Centre and a single regulatory body to coordinate pipeline planning. Both were not members of the Lynx inquiry and inquiry member Wilford Phelps has been pushing hard the fall to get them started and started by north means. He says 10 widely disparate groups—everyone in the North but the Finance Society—can't be wrong about the need. "I'm very concerned that unless we start soon there won't be time to plan properly."

The Impact Information Centre would have the chore of sifting through hundreds of names and publishing a weekly list, sheet of how many people write in the North and what they want doing. The regulatory agency, in turn, would plan what everyone should be doing. "Instead of you dealing with one man after another," as Phelps put it. "For the next five or six years, every person in the Yukon is going to be completely overwhelmed. They're going to have to cope with the effects of the pipeline project. They're going to have to know what's happening."

A very growing concern

The concern in the Bank of British Columbia's rather spare Vancouver headquarters abruptly changes color as you approach the fair of Trevor Polley, the firm's president and chief executive. That part of the office explains Polley was once particularly odd and said by another source, now quoted once by his already grown niece as founding in July 1968. The symbolism of oil had been exaggerated. But this

kind of economy in an operation with more than one billion dollars in assets does reflect an apparently deeply felt caution. Nevertheless, the Bank of British Columbia has still caused dissent but distinct tension in the steady eddies of Canadian banking, for reasons that may in fact about the industry and the nation as a whole.

To an outsider, Canadian banking looks pretty much like a cartel, a sort of shared monopoly. Its members, the chartered banks, engage in what economists call "perfect cooperation." There is some area, limited by agreement to others. This is usually due to the very Canadian preference of successive governments in Ottawa for safety and order over risk. Anyone wanting to start a bank has to spend years jumping through a variety of legislative hoops designed to test his fitness before he can get into the field. There he finds the past chartered banks waiting for him, established and happily moving their clubs.



Polley: The case for quantity control

"We're 'holistic' bank, specializing in loans to corporations and trying to outmaneuver the giants by faster decisions and better trading in the money markets. Edmonton's Canadian Commercial and Industrial Bank, headed by Howard Eaton, a former vice president, has chosen this issue. But it's risky, indeed, and has gone into the "retail" business, aiming for small savers who provide banks with a solid deposit base. In the past, the chartered banks have engaged in non-price competition for small clients by opening branches on every street corner, just like the retailers offering food and drugs rather than coming price. And now cut through that by opening fewer, larger branches—34 all in British Columbia and Alberta, although a branch in Vancouver is an important possibility. Thus, its overheads are lower. It has also been very aggressive about winning business. It was the first in Canada to introduce some cheque. It acquired from California the idea of offering a package of bank services for a monthly fee. It offers special interest on credit cards and pays interest on some savings deposits in order to the cost of living. It even imported Lorne Greene to advertise the bank's "Bonanza" account.

The other banks are reluctantly reacting to this activity. Most of the banks are eventually alone, although a week almost two years for undated interest payments to appear elsewhere. Less obvious but perhaps more satisfying was the hurried demarcation of authority with which the chartered banks met the specter of a full-blown decision-making financial institution located in British Columbia. One political observer counts that the last demonstration on the West's regional managers has been made, marred from a previous dynasty \$200,000 or so. Recently moreover, it has begun to compound interest daily. Normally banks have been able, in effect, to use their depositors' money without paying the full price, for it because of the lag between the calculation of interest. That's from Ottawa to compel them to abandon this comfortable practice have met with better complaints that the cost of compounding daily would be prohibitive. Given the swelling branch network of the older banks, this is probably true. But the bank is more compact and efficient space, and it is posing a challenge the other banks can't lobby away.

Polley is a large, expansive man whose eyes narrow and whose finger jabs when he's making a point. Comparing is simply he says, and his bank is still earning less than industry norms. It is also naturally vulnerable to any downturn in the British Columbia economy. For the foreseeable future, he'll remain, as it positions, "Canada's western bank." That's proved an unenviable selling point. But in the same line it signals the political sentiment an argument that should Canada, overshadowed by the more corporate of Quebec.

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Art

Through a glass brightly

Dear Mr. Markovic: the letter read, thank you very much for the goblet that was made for Stella. The letter, in late September, was from Stanley Marcus, big boss of Bloomingdale's, the Dallas, Texas, department store that makes Enron's look like a live-and-let-live. And it was the signal that Joseph Markovic, 53, had finally arrived. For not only was he selling glass sculptures to Bloomingdale's for the opening of a new store in Washington, DC, but Marcus himself was acknowledging the gift given him by the immigrant from Yugoslavia.

Markovic is a slight man, quiet and serious behind his forehead. He keeps over a crystal kingdom on Toronto's Wellington Street, earning his money from the sale of vases, ewers and wineglasses, and finding his joy in collecting the finest glass being made in the world today. The art of glass is dying, he thinks, as he says, "The sun just before it goes down." Markovic explains—in Czechoslovakian. So it is that he collects only Czechoslovakian glass, some of the finest examples of which are now in the display case outside the Royal Ontario Museum. They're all his. The bulb, which was in the Czech Pavilion at Expo 67, a stunning amber crystal sculpture that multiplies the sun's rays, a dozen goblets each engraved with a sign of the zodiac. All his—most why, he wonders aloud, can't the museum keep them closer?

The Markovic piece are the rose's progression for *A Guide to Glass* (from until year's end)—a show, long in reach but short in grasp, which takes the viewer on a scientific, Czech's Tour history of glass from its discovery to the present. In 1964 R.C. Eggenstein discovered that sand and other common materials could be melted to produce a thick liquid with magical properties, and he then shows them melted glass production from perfume jars to luxury vases. The Phoenicians' civilization found that they could dip a metal rod into molten glass and some glass would adhere to the rod. This is the glassmaker's "grip." At the time of China's emperor Kowen, men put patterns on the end of hollow tubes and started blowing. Out of the ends of these tubes came a wonderful assortment of hollow things: going back to the glass container industry.

Rome fell. Glass endured. Christian Europe believed that transforming sand into glass by fire was the alchemy of the Devil, so most of the glassmakers in Europe during the Middle Ages



A 1921 Grange Firenze bottle (28 ounces) made in Murano's traditional "pompier"



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were Jewish. Because society was so unstable, they made glass in forest workshops, in only places where they were assured a steady supply of wood for their smoking furnaces. Their work in the show is primitive and rough, but, as with all glass, it carries the mysterious power of light.

At the same time, glassmaking flourished in the sultan's courts of the Islamic Middle East. Perfume bottles were important because sanitation was so poor, and the show shows famous early faience Syrian Rasoum Ous, a tiny blue perfume bottle, surely exquisite, from the dead century in Syria, still smells fancy—and incredibly—of rose. The collection includes a magnificent display of tiny Chinese glass snuff bottles—most made to resemble some precious stone. It was a merit, for instance, to make glass "jade" due to find the real thing, and the Chinese were sure that the real jade who feared jade would never know the difference.

From China to Venice, where 13th-century craftsmen learned glassmaking in Egypt and brought it home, roses, in an ornate glory of serpents crawling their way up the curve of goblets, snuff bottles, quite magnificent. Then to the more practical, pragmatic England of 1660 for housing glass, goblets with huge thick stems and bases the better to hang on terra cotta tiles for towns and surrounding barns. The catalogue explains that in 1745 parliament levied a tax on the raw materials for

Marked among his treasures (top right) and two Gilt Top Dynasty bottles from the DIME exhibition (below) a gift of light



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glass, and in the next display case we see the much thinner, more delicate ware. In 1773 more than seven hundred glass in England, but not in Ireland, which needed industry. And with the Waterford crystal of Ireland began.

At the start of the 19th century, cut glass was developed, for the English, pulled up with pride over the Napoleonic Wars, a rare cut glass became an important status symbol, displayed at the time in case after case of cut-glass glass looking like nothing so much as Woodcock's best "crystal."

In France a century later René Lalique began making perfume bottles for his friend François Coty to 1907. When Lalique died in 1945 his factory earned out, spreading fine glass in ever-widening ripples, making it for the first time a broadly accessible art — at, for instance, the Lalique goblets for sale on Ricer Street.

Lalique's Bechamel vase is an object lesson of how to harness technology to art: the touch of a lamp of American glass is a lesson in when happens when technology conquers art. In 1925, craftsmen in Pittsburgh found that molten glass could be mechanically pressed in mass quantities, free after another. Another — mass production, it turned out — the time by using good examples of pressed glass, but with surfaces so uniform and flat that the magic of light scattered into a thousand rays is just a memory.

Canadian glass has always been responsive to the economy. The first Canadian glassworks opened at Mullocktown, eastern Ontario, in 1839. Because the railroad was not yet built, the only glass worth making was for local markets, so Mullocktown made window and container glass, not art. In 1818 A. L. Mowbray the Victorian glassmaker pioneered the growing jar, and Canadians went into the bottle business to a big way, changing forever the taste of the Canadian dinner table in wine.

But glass has always been a force born of both art and utility. To mirror this *A Guide to Glass* traces the history of art glass and the history of a technology at the same time. The concept is grand, what a joy that it leaves no room in the museum to history. Neither history nor beauty is well served. The glass objects sit in half-wooden display cases, like for utility rather than history. The historical information, the visual contents that could make the history come alive, are too tedious to register. It is a historian's delight, a glass of glass from 18th century in the museum, a collection called entirely from pieces already owned by the most elite of them. Perhaps that's the trouble. "We wanted to be a bit of a show," says the author Peter Kesteven, who organized the show. In that the show has been successful, the exhibition is a broad survey of 3,500 years of technology, but for the highest standards of loving acquisition, museum art, the writer and look, so further that Joseph Mironow's display boxes outside the museum's entrance. **RECOMMENDED**



Bill Deegan in the middle of things as usual with his friends — all stars. From left: Gordon Doner, John Stamos, David Letterman, Bob Greenfield, in the middle the man himself, right side front to back, Doug Hodge, Brian Koppelman, Bill Deegan, Bob Hasketh, Eric Thorne.

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- At 5:50 Bob Hasketh airs his views on the news
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The start of something small

"You no longer have to be a millionaire to start a newspaper," notes Charles King when the young young *Today's* began. Today King should know. His debt comes from a dozen side, one third off, the besting Olympia (typewriter) from his old job at the Ottawa Citizen (news Today's archrival), the black-and-white television from home. Most everything else is loaned. "We don't own anything with the exception of our street boxes," King confesses.

These flimsy and street boxes, published in 700 low steps across Ottawa, are the driving force financially for Today—a lively, sometimes raucous tabloid, peering into the Ottawa's urban underbelly. Civil servants grabbing early morning buses now can ponder through the 40-fold pages of crime sports, business and politics. It's a busy potpourri of the serious and sensational, heavy on columnists. In its second issue, Today laid itself on the line as "a loud, hardy body—of news we're going to scream like hell." Though the newspaper has yet to reach full blast, president Bill Morrison justifies its existence because "I'd had enough of looking at newspapers found 100 years ago—and which are like it."

But Today, on the second issue September 6, gives no guarantee of even surviving tomorrow. Not alone the next century. Moments among the 75 members staffed and financially lean—Today reported digging for love news and their status disarrayed or dropped, entirely to make room for such information were names as LOVE KENNEDY'S ORIGINATED AND ELABORATED ROSEMARY'S ORIGINATED. The result, reports at Today were grumbling about editorial decisions after the first week—until the group's enthusiasm right from the start of the six-year-old Toronto Sun, on which Ottawa Today is clearly modelled.

Yesterday, yesterday also, however, Today's first press run with an all-night champagne party, and today the presses were off. Ottawa is now the second Canadian city (after Toronto) to have three general-interest English dailies—and in addition has the French-language paper *Le Devoir* (circulation 40,000). Today appears when the Ottawa newspaper scene has never been so competitive—or so unsettled. The *Journal's* (various) circulation sheet 30,000 is being threatened by 11 months of better labour dispatch. "It has been enough press," says *Journal's* managing editor David Humphreys. During their protracted legal battle, The *Journal* lost \$1.7 million in just 18 months. The *Citizen*,



Reader and working too on Parliament Hill, trying to make the most of 'Today's'

circulation, increased in circulation (now about 130,000) even though Today's nibbled it of 24 staffers. Meanwhile, *Le Devoir* is in turmoil as the process of being taken over by its own employees for an estimated two million dollars (it was owned by the Orlans, a Roman Catholic Order).

These papers, first out-of-town dailies such as the Montreal *Gazette* and the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, recently excluded a print war by introducing a proliferation of non-sports, non-beat in downtown Ottawa. Such clutter in the formerly print-dominated city has slowly eroded some newspaper ad revenue—and sending boxes have already been removed from the Bank Street newsstand because of "excessive" complexity.

While money really is not helping Today because a big money market King claims circulation is leveling off, so their target figure 30,000. But the *Citizen*, doing some savvy marketing of its own, places Today's circulation at 5,500. The *Journal* remains at 17,000. Whatever its exact readership, the new tabloid has already been noticed by top-level Ottawa personalities, including Opposition Leader Joe Clark who has had a hard time with the press this year. Commenting on one of Today's most aggressive columnists, Clark suggested, in a recent letter to the editor: "I note only one recommendation that you run Larry Zoff and Peter Worthington on opposite clips, but the shock to your readership is great."

HILLMAN LARSEN

Accent on the Fifth W

"If there has been a transition in my career," notes political journalist Tom Crery, "it has been trying to write about policy." At 45, Crery has been a correspondent in Quebec City, Ottawa, Washington and Paris, and until March was editorial page editor of the Montreal *Gazette*. But as a desk covered with pencils for a new Canadian magazine, Crery confesses: "We write about things during Quebec Period, we write about clashes of personality, the tactics of politics, the trials and the misadventures—yet we're limited to year-end policy in any-fairly dull for non-readers." The surge of English-Canadian reaction to the victory of the Parti Quebecois in Quebec has convinced Crery that the country finally is ready for something it has never before been able to support: a public affairs review.

In fact, so strong is his conviction that Crery has given up one. Appearing on a semi-monthly basis in November as a 48-page on-line monthly public affairs review called *Crery's*. In title, *Report On Confederation* With former university administrator John Pepperell as general manager, *Report* has been registered as a charitable organization, that making documents less defensible. Slightly-drawn

Justice

Breaking the chains of the world

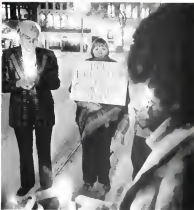
"For me, there was hope," says Francis Placide, surviving the horrors of his freedom. A Haitian now living in Montreal, he tells his tale. For three long months he endured beatings, ate only rice and corn, and slept naked on a concrete floor in solitary confinement. He had been arrested without charge during a visit to his homeland in 1976. Why? His name allegedly was on a political blacklist. Back in Montreal, his wife, Elaine, appealed to an organization called Amnesty International. Soon after, the beatings stopped and the food improved. On December 24, 1978, after one year of imprisonment, Placide was released. His hoarse voice drops in volume. "But for those in Haiti without any outside help, there is no hope. Many are left to die."

Haiti is not the only country where gross violations of human rights occur. In some 150 countries men and women routinely are jailed and often tortured and killed because of their beliefs, or they must religious or political. For 16 years now, Am-

nesty International, the only organization of its kind, has worked steadily for the release of these "prisoners of conscience." Largely volunteer-based, it now has 160,000 members in 107 countries. In October, Amnesty gained important recognition when it was awarded the 1977 Nobel Peace Prize, presented to the organization for its role as "a bulwark against brutality and the internationalization of violence."

Over the years, Amnesty has documented increasing numbers of prisoners of conscience. Conservative estimates now place their ranks in the hundreds of thousands. In Amnesty's latest annual report, the multiple war and atrocities committed against such persons are cited: country by country. There are breaking references to large-scale desertions, rape, sexual violence, brutal slappings and modern-day torture chambers. Amnesty with a head office in London, England, goes to

Amnesty International vigil in Ottawa in October: a beacon for those in darkness



Allan Rock: a time to get serious

funding rules restrict contributions to \$7,000 or less.

The first issue (with a price tag of \$7,000) is impressive. Following a cover by political cartoonist Allan Rock are articles by the cream of Canada's senior political journalists, including former Toronto Star Ottawa bureau chief Anthony Weirall, former Montreal Star Quebec editor Dominique Chiff and independent neo-learning Le Jour editor Evelyn Dunham. It is all solid, serious, informed, respectable material. It is well written and readable. The Globe and Mail's Norman Webster voices a fine piece on the history of the Ontario-Quebec area and Dominique Chiff reviews the impact of the Parti Quebecois' first year in office.

The question is whether Citey is right and Canadians are indeed prepared to support a magazine that relies heavily on an in-depth essay style of journalism. Report's heavy title may discourage readers, and its goal of balanced analysis may deprive it of the often partisan ideological parade of any British New Statesman. Perhaps the greatest danger—concomitant on the question of Quebec—is something the founders insist is not a problem. "Involvement in public affairs has never been so great," says Popper. "And if there is ever going to be a public affairs revival in this country, now is the time." GILBERT PEARCE

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United Van Lines



but for some 3,000 political prisoners each year—but only those who have neither used nor advocated violence. In Canada, word of the Nobel prize was greeted with delight by Amnesty's nearly 3,000 Canadian members. "We have, at last, secured a certain amount of hard-won credibility," says Irving Ferguson, president of Amnesty Canada.

The highly successful technique employed by Amnesty members is simple: bombard the offending regime with emotionally heated and indignant but polite letters. Not even the most hardened tyrant is so secure as a bully from the outside. If only because of the economic necessities.

One Amnesty's group in Ottawa has been writing letters persistently for four years now, urging the release of its "indicted" prisoner. Amnesty arrested back in 1965 as "inductee" as "a security risk." It is a three-year case because to the three have been no signals and Amnesty might even be dead. "That it's a mistake to think letter campaigns don't work," says Ken Hendricks, an Ottawa volunteer. In fact, Amnesty figures show that about 1,300 prisoners are released each year due to Amnesty intervention. "Then, you get bored and angry. It gets aggressive trying two or three letters a week," says Trevor Beattie, a lawyer from London, Ontario, "but every so often you get a hint. It makes it all worthwhile."

This past year, Amnesty has experienced an unprecedented leap in popularity, particularly in the United States, where some 1,300 new members joined, bringing U.S. membership close to 8,000. "I think we can thank Jimmy Carter for most of it," says Noel Glass, vice-president of Amnesty Canada. Earlier this year, Carter established a get-tough policy on assassins and to countries that continue to violate human rights. In Canada, a bill similar to the Carter policy was introduced in the past session, but it is unlikely to be passed (Prime Minister Trudeau says he prefers "quiet diplomacy"). Nevertheless, the vexing question of human rights is of growing concern in this country. "What I worry about is that human rights will become a cliché in conversation," says Gordon Fawcett, head of Canada's newly formed Human Rights Commission.

Often, not even the most desperate appeals to embassies or the most compelling petitions result in the release of Amnesty's prisoners of conscience. But in hundreds of countries the world over Amnesty volunteers persevere. Standing up in Ottawa on a chilly mid-October night were a dozen volunteers flickering candles in hand (the candle tradition is borrowed from Amnesty's symbol of hope). John Nash, an economist, was there because his friend Wellington Tokohau, from South Africa, last year and found dead in his cell four hours later. "For me," says Nash, "Amnesty is Canada's reminder of you have fragile our human rights really are." —ANNE LARIBEC

Books

The Great—well, pretty good—American novel

THE PROFESSOR OF DESIRE
by Philip Roth
(McGraw-Hill/Ryan 80-95)

MAJESTIC MUSIC
by Peter De Vries
(Little Brown & Co. \$10.75)

TRIAL CONFESSIONS
by John Gregory Dunne
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux \$10.95)

For many readers, the past few years in the life of the North American novel have not been good ones. The wounding of the market by women writing novels, of sufficiency (Marion Engel, Judith Rossner, Erica

Reich) in all of them have been therapeutic for them. It has already been pleasant for the young heroes of agents and accountants who discovered that their libel tales of promiscuity were not as commercial as they thought. But for readers, it has all been a bit of a year. In fact, back before the month of a good North American novel this past season, something marvelous happened: the formula mask of Harold Rothman and Jacqueline Susans and the very best of Weinsteins, were out of fashion. Saul Bellow was writing something. Mordecai Richler was doing a novel book, and Robinson Davies was busy collecting his admirably excellent after-dinner speeches. What was left was either Drishnik or Beauty: the alternative choice at (The Throne, Dan), the command of Edith Segal's

De Vries (left), Dunne (middle), and Roth (right): sex roaring in bedridden head



Oliver's Song. But this month the American novel comes back into its own with three well crafted books by three seasoned writers. Professor does count.

By now Philip Roth's protagonists are to be found on the shelves of every middle-class Jewish bookstore, although from Brooklyn to the Bronx, Bellow's

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Picture perfect

Asia, most coffee-table books are something less than best. A prime example was last year's *Exoticism* between *Friends/Vibes Asia*. Now comes *The Silence And The Storm* (McClelland and Stewart, \$29.95) to challenge that and turn by turning its subject, artist Tora Thompson, to equal him in what is a very long way. Thompson—artist Harold Town had an nephew David P. Slooke—have secured near-perfectly on the visual half the reproduction are excellent (Slooke, below, is one of 100 gilded) as for the text, Slooke handles the chronicle of Thompson's biography with dispatch and Town's glacial disquisitions—despite suffering from an occasionally overblown—points—demonstrates clearly the underlying role of Thompson's unique place in Canadian art.



events, self-absorbed, impulsive, passionate, sometimes self-absorbed and sometimes with his head in the clouds, the way down curious the first and dark things in his life and how he managed to keep the dark. What is American? He's writing a first special American-Jewish humor that take a description of a comedian meeting the crowds of dancers and meet it from the level of personal vulgarity to something close to public. Roth's new book *The Penetration Of Desire* deals with a first special American-Jewish theme: the conflict between the need for romanticism and the relationship and the desire to feel everything that will slowly by in discussing this particular problem Roth is an expert. His first is David Kepesh, a new boy from New York's Catskills who descends during his first night to his family (every Jewish boy's dream—two usually liberal Jewish girls all of his own). Kepesh's story, told with elegant restraint by Roth, is the pilgrimage of the passion to the literature to the refuge of a university teaching job. But Kepesh is doomed. His psychology, Dr. Klinger, can't help him. No matter how successful the lesson of Kepesh's state of the domestic, no matter how complete and perfect the behavior of their owner, Kepesh knows that his physical desire for one partner will always be finite. "Oh innocent beloved," intones Kepesh, "you fail to understand and I can't tell you I don't say it with laughter, but with my every passion will be dead." Come to think of this discovery may be, Roth manages to write a marvellously funny book.

David De Vries takes precisely the same theme on a different way in *Madison Manor*. De Vries writes for all those who make who inhabit the wiles of America

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST FICTION

- 1 *The Silmarillion, Tolkien* (1)
- 2 *The Hunchback of Notre-Dame, Le Cam* (2)
- 3 *The Thin Red Line, McCullough* (3)
- 4 *Call of the Wild, London* (4)
- 5 *David Martin, Fowler* (5)
- 6 *Dancing Girl, Alcott* (6)
- 7 *Regeneration, Thiel* (7)
- 8 *The Death of Mr. Brown* (8)
- 9 *A Population of One, Swenson* (9)
- 10 *A Population of One, Swenson* (10)

NONFICTION

- 1 *The Divine Years, Aiken* (1)
- 2 *All Things Wise And Wonderful, Neri* (2)
- 3 *The Book of Life, Wellesley/Hall/Wellington* (3)
- 4 *Looking Out For #1, Ringer* (4)
- 5 *The Boy Who Swam, Montague-Smith* (5)
- 6 *Dear Mr. Galt, Galt* (6)
- 7 *The Country Diary Of An Edwardian Lady, Halsey* (7)
- 8 *Wives, Lush, Edwards* (8)
- 9 *Majesty, Lewis* (9)

10 *Prison and the*

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don't see New York, Los Angeles or Detroit. If one prefers De Vries' dry and material humor to Roth's self-deprecating approach, it is not necessarily because De Vries is the better writer but simply the more congenial dealer. De Vries' first is middle-aged middle-class free-lance writer Bob Swingle, who makes his could be (Lafayette to his wife) and suffers nothing but pain as he becomes head nodding firmly down, to the rented lodgings of

his various partners. But, alas, Bob Swingle too is doomed. He is doomed to be found out—found out by wives, parents and girl friends. He is doomed by his own soft heart to repeat his mistakes for ever. He ends up running a house from his father's wife and whining in the expense of his midlife's passion wife demands to see the medical needs of her live-in stepmother with whom she is having an affair. His solution is madness—not the kind kind in which Dr. Klinger speaks, but full-blown, straight-out insanity. When the book opens, Bob Swingle thinks he is Graciano Marx (an old and wise woman later he becomes W.C. Fields).

The American South is represented by the brittle, tough-talking California world of John Gregory Dunne. His book, *True Confessions*, like all of the writing he and his wife, author Joan Didion, produce, takes heavily on a very American device—the spectacle of media. He details, among others, the tragic deaths of a girl, the labels on cars and clothes. Done with a can have a cumulative and exponentially powerful effect and *True Confessions* is certainly Dunne's best book today. The title to the drama together, the Church and the man, world of pulp magazines meet in payoff and profit. This is the story of two brothers, one the character of the addictions of Los Angeles and the other a homicide detective. What connects them—and leads to their ending—are women and specifically the murder of a somewhat porno-like actress. In retrospect, after reading the three novels, one can't help thinking that life would have been much more simplified if the divorce court had had the foresight (just way) to make it all better. (Slooke)



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Films

What's a nice girl like Diane Keaton doing in a dud like this?



LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR:
Diane Keaton as Richard Druso.

There are three ways of viewing a shoddy novel as a better movie: you can admire the visual language of the new medium; to emulate the inadequate verbiage you can get magnificent actors or whose opulent fantasy you can tolerate; or you can simply use the novel as a pretext for what is actually a new and better work. In adapting Judith Rossner's facile best seller *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, to the screen the screenwriter-director Richard Brooks—ho-dabbled in all three techniques.

First he has made the anguished face in which Theresa Dunn, the repressed Catholic schoolteacher lives her other, not actual life: more alluring and more-fancied than they are in the novel and in reality. He has varied symbolic microcosms rather than specific recognizable joints smelling of real, sweaty human activity. He even forgets to include the place named Mr. Goodbar.

Then which the novel takes its somewhat symbol-enriched into. By not shooting the film in New York but in Chicago made to look like Chicago (not to be sure, very hard to accomplish in Chicago) he has further deepened and alienated the film. The paradox of universality is that it can be reached only through the particular, which may be transcended but never jumped over.

Secondly, he has tried to cast good, little-known actors in roles not associated with the kind of roles they play best, such as Diane Keaton. In films seen mostly in Woody Allen comedies. Of the movie men whom Theresa picks up and takes to bed only the most-competently inept Tony provides the able Richard Gere his interpreter with enough material for a rounded characterization; the other fellows, such as the heroine's repressed father (Richard Kiley) and paddy lover (Tuesday Weld) are one-note too simplistically to permit intricate characterizations. Keaton is an awkward dramatic actress, as we recall lives her schoolgirl by the women performance in *The Godfather*, as a comedian for Allen, she has tended to be asked and answered questions on the subject of film. It is therefore surprising that she does a creditable job as Theresa, not exaggerating either the passion or the hysteria that the non-committal actress, and only such a one could have made sense of the contradictory when in conflict with Theresa Dunn living to the phony condone Brooks's script has deprived her even of most of the physical landscapes that made the young woman in the book more pitiable as well as more plausible. And in the frequent use of scenes—always hard to make believable on screen—Miss Keaton falls back, ludicrously and embarrassingly, on her Woody Allen movie mannerisms.

Lately Brooks has made numerous changes all for the worse. He has, for example, tried to turn the film into a thriller which one of these more or less disguised

men will finally do our gut in? The book has the irony of its own start with the end and not play it for suspense, in terms of thriller effects, Brooks has made the nearly shoddy downplay story. Also, cravily, he skips away from developing the Catholic atmosphere—full of irony, cynicism, fear of God—as directly contradictory to the girl's modish state. It would be just one of the blame on a stock destructive father and weak mother. He has made Theresa's mother more biased, less ridged with ideological human peculiarities in movie in long and irrelevant scenes in which the mother's dead children he has turned her into half a player and even less convincing than the other, boy-to-boy half.

The worst thing about *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* is that, as the good and moody cinematography by William Fraker mostly emphasizes, there is a great, widely-asked intensity about its outlook. One moment Brooks seems to be working, not moment he is fixating them again, his fascination is with the always-even cheap thrills, as in the final making scene, heavily and clumsily indebted to *Psyche*. A book that did not drive deeply into psychological and moral problems is further flattened out by the movie version. Ultimately, the only aspect of the film that shines out bright and clear is its mindless exploitation.

JONATHAN

Howdy Rudy

VALUETH
Directed by Ken Russell

There are some questions best left unanswered, questions such as what is Ken Russell's next move? The *Legend of Alexander the Great*? The *Gold Fever*? The *Seven Years' War*? Mark Jagger? *Mohammed Ali* and *Ragtime* Jackson? *The Brothers Grimm*?

The answer has to be silly, even if it's true. Especially if it's true when it comes to Russell. Any director who would choose a short, aging 29, hollow-cheeked non-actor like Rudolf Nureyev to play Rudolph Valentino is obviously, capable of any madness. Nureyev, in the film's promotional material is quoted as saying that "torture to what I had always heard and read—that Valentino's acting was very primitive—I found him very restrained." Nureyev's acting is just very restrained. It's very primitive.

Russell's direction, on the other hand, is restrained, which is too bad because his long sat has always been wishy-washy.

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Only once, in a scene in which Nureyev is berated in a jail cell by a guard and slapping punches rain down on him, does he break into a puddle of tears and finally to emerge (publicly) do we get the kind of film making we've come to expect from Russell by way of *The Devils* and *The Mirror*. Whatever else he might have been, he wasn't dull. But Valenkov did. The Great Lenin's death scene, plagiarized miserably from *Chinatown* and *the last in the movie primarily because it's the last*. It would have been even better an hour or so earlier.

The death scene is also fictionalized, as is a great deal of the rest of the movie. Valenkov died in a New York hospital in 1926 of



Nureyev and Phillips bawling around

perforated liver pain by an appendix operation, not being out of focus on a Rose following an intense boxing match and drinking coffee standing at an orange. Yes folks, all he really wanted to be was an orange farmer. All Charles Foster Kane wanted to be was a beachboy.

There is an old Polish expression that you can't strike sparks from dung. Valenkov bears that out. As bad as *Lenin* is Nureyev's eyes, director, we know he's a great dancer. He's a Gielgud alongside his co-stars. Former Maria Malerba Phillips—whose hair has been cut as short as his—Nureyev and Leslie Caron, who plays Alla Nazimova, an undesignated crowd-pleasing character Caron manages to make forgettable. There is one bit of inspired casting, at least for movie freaks: Huntz Hall, "Switch," in the old literary boys' Beauvieux plays Patience with Jean-Louis. You just know what he's doing.

JOHN GARY

Show Business

Going Bing's Way

The last record the boy ever heard—or more accurately, "circumvented" hearing—was Don't Fence Me In. The boy thinks he was about three at the time, he knows the war was on, that his father, a man he knew only as a face in a photograph, was flying away on that war. He knows that he, and his mother, were living at his grandparents' home and that in that home was a "photograph" with a little metal plaque—a dog looking into a hole—on the side, the soundstage out of a huge Phonograph. The boy came to know that Don't Fence Me In was sung by a man named Bing Crosby and that the adults in the house very much approved of Bing Crosby, so the boy did too. He learned the song by heart. He still knows it.

When he was about 13, his voice had dropped to a deep baritone and he practiced mimicking Crosby. When he was about 16, his contemporaries were all embracing Elton Presley, Pat Boone. Really noisy and rock and roll. He barely got through periods of being Marlon Brando and James Dean, saw *High Society* four times, learned the lyrics to *True Love and Hell*. Don't Fence Me In continued to do his Bing thing, which were bad (and bad) and which sounded like he was him.

Bing Crosby would always be associated in the boy's mind with all things good and decent, with more lightly, taking on Christmas Eve the Golden Rule happy endings. The boy would learn of course, about Crosby's private life, about his legendary boozing, his friendship with Washington Jack McLean (the architect of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre) about his neglect of mother-in-law, Dixie Lee (who died of cancer in 1952) and his father on his marriage. But that wouldn't

matter. Nor would a matter when Bing came on singing, long after his voice was gone—not only singing, but singing things like *My Friend and Little Town Apple*. The boy's mother, a mere adolescent herself, knew Crosby was to fade in the early 1930s would carry on, "When will that old fool know enough to call it quits?" But the boy didn't mind what Bing Crosby became in the 1930s and 1940s. He was really at his best in the early years of it from *The Big Broadcast* in 1932 to *High Society* in 1956, a preserved on film, tape and vinyl. We live in an age that makes decline and death of great stars irrelevant to all but those family and friends. An Elton, a Graciosa, a Bing can die and the fact that all things and purposes of four nothing changes and Bing. Their immortality has already been around.

Crosby, in his Oscar-winning performance, singing *You're Not Too Late* in a dying Barry Fitzgerald in *Going My Way*. A wall there for all to see, and always will be Crosby coming and gently disintegrating hope and saving-giving *Lambert* on the Road to Rich Mexican Singapore. It's a contrast in love. True love will always have a guardian angel, on high with nothing to do and Christmas will always be white. *Richard Jen* JOHN GARY

Crosby in "Going My Way": final record



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Music

If they don't like Murray McLauchlan, then they can go to hell

If the scathing preface/essays of this country's music writers are to be believed, Murray McLauchlan has been poised on the edge of oblivion long enough to give him a bad case of vertigo, never mind aware of it. Those who have spent years digging him as the successor to Gordon Lightfoot, the equal to Neil Young and the underdog to Bryan Adams all have missed the point. McLauchlan has established his place on the Canadian music scene as a genuine solo star, a performer who has, by the admission of his manager Bernie Finkelstein,

gone through their noses and scummed on little old ladies. McLauchlan was known as a punk musician in Vancouver at the beginning of a four-month tour of Canadian places big and small—from Kitchener, ON, to Charlotte town and everything in between—McLauchlan, down with a bad cold and in the throes of what appeared to be a severe case of existential angst, mused about his image and concluded: "It's very compli-

McLauchlan at least he isn't bothered with respectability of being 'a nice guy'.



posed hostility from certain people in this country that is unbelievable." Just the sight of him posed on the cover of his latest album, *Hard Rock Town*, with his stubble beard, his coat in a shaggy mess and his unruly upturned collar on an instant Vancouver musician into an adult pop singer. "If that guy dares to come on to a heavy rock and roll star."

The last is that, more than any other Canadian performer, McLauchlan has been viewed by many of his own generation as a poster and a dilemma, all become, according to Finkelstein, he dared to be different. Back in the late Sixties, while other Canadian singers were wearing berets, McLauchlan, a Scottish-born, Toronto-born boy man wearing his image as a young tough, an urban poet, a street philosopher, both through his songs—gritty descriptions about survival and failure in the city—and through his behavior. It's now hard to believe, but before Johnny Rotten and his band began strutting inco-

ceded, it's really a lot of it. The next night, opening the western segment of his tour in Vancouver's stadium, that disappeared, unfilled. McLauchlan, then, McLauchlan earned his anti-star status a little too far by going on anti-performance, an unprofessionally spiteful of his work with his scuffed looking band. The Sheraton, trying to raise its ticket prices in an audience that seemed as though it had been reared from Madame Tussaud's.

McLauchlan had apparently forgotten his own advice of the night before, about challenging his audience. "I'll either walk out on stage and say 'Hey, why did I turn on this way?' or I'll just say 'Hey, why did I turn on this way?'" Instead, he offered apologetic remarks about wet weather and managed to make his own songs which are so hard hitting and engaging on record, sound hopelessly repetitive and slightly juvenile. Part of a performer's responsibility is to share his music with his audience in a way that makes lis-

teners feel he is experiencing something new and delightful along with them. That night, McLauchlan seemed oblivious to this experience. Perhaps he was simply startled with old ones—his tour of Japan with Bruce Cockburn last July, the fact that *Hard Rock Town* is the first McLauchlan album to appear on U.S. hit parade charts or his last September appearance at the prestigious Boston Latin club in New York where *Rolling Stone* magazine's Stephen Holden told Finkelstein that there were only two songwriters in Atlantic better than Murray—Jackson Browne and Bob Dylan. Perhaps also at age 28 and having been for so long one of those "punk boys working their way up town" whom he so poignantly sings about, McLauchlan is tired of the whole question of his career.

He does not think he is Bob Dylan. His message is he set out across the country to make a little money and play a little music; was a simple one, written a few years back and condensed in a song on a previous album. "If I wasn't here for like a rock and roll time, wouldn't think the worst of me." **JOHN C. DIEFENBAKER**

Situation tragedy

There is always a spot to be found in TV schedules for opera, provided it's an opera or a Grand Old Opera-style opera. But for the traditional variety, much less contemporary opera such as Raymond Poulton's *Adeline* (1987-88), there are more reasons for skipping the project than for encouraging it. From the vulgar requirements of a mass-audience medium to the State Arts, metropolitan representatives of mass culture, there are obstacles and the crowding of the press, which violated a co-producer-director John Thomas for reaching "a new low—a dramatic opera," before the work had even been finished, it's amazing that anything lasted on the British landscape tragedy, should have been made—and a relief to many that its creation should now be regarded as something of a tragedy.

When *Adeline* was shown in Europe this August it made history by winning the Salzburg Opera Prize over made-for-TV operas from nine countries, becoming the sole North American entry ever to win during 21 years of competition. Had it not been for this prize and the \$4,000 prize that goes with it, Poulton might have been a forgotten writer or even his own land.

Still, wonder that the 42-year-old Poulton, best known for his 1979 *The Luck Of*

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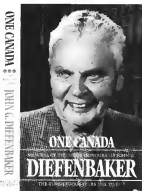
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Column by Allan Fotheringham

The music of money is palpable in the air. The merriment down Faneuil Hall, with concrete kids frolicking into tawny summer along with their shoes and hats and sweaters and pants rhyning Pucci and Gucci. A Bach concerto emanates from a bookstore that, typically, is stranger to Alister Cooke than to Richard Buhner. The shops manned by young ladies misquoting an Emerson poem, their sleek noses tucked into their \$120 leather boots, their hair pulled taut. This is my friends, in Hudson Lakes, the newest trendy spot of awfully trendy Toronto. This is Camelot, these are the

All Canadians have a proprietary right to their country. But few have taken notice and what we have here in Toronto in 1977 is the New Imperial City. The world is obsessed. The luxury is cloying. The style wobbles narrowly close to being international. Instead of the old hippish arrogance of post-1960sness, there is, in Toronto today is a brittle assumption of superiority—based on the fact that it is clearly the centre of a Canada that is increasingly becoming a continent. Montreal, the brain days of Drouin, is now a city of false optimism. Over, more or less have passed its days of neo-bourgeois blossoming. Toronto, these days is wallowing in it, lying down and not in its own self-interest.

The most obvious manifestation of all this is Blue Street. For years Toronto has suffered from a most apparent defect: there was only one street where a civilized man could stroll. It is well away from the towers of commerce that early bubbled along the lake (but, naturally, didn't have the wit to venture close to the shore).

Bloor coasts in symbiotic relationship with Yorkville, the ex-harshid part that snail is beautiful that Toronto snatched from the lower children and decided to send to the children of the capital gains in flux is Italian Lakes. It is here that the concrete collar are manifested in the form of a concrete collar and a sign of Vivaldi Square, an entire industry of young men in light-colored Italian pants, pink shirts, and dreaming to be Warren Beatty. Within the embrace of Bloor is the courtyard city, camp setting on a flash where Toronto gossip columns never tire of recording supposed misadventures. One cast-of-seven lawyer booked into a legal conference in one of the airport hotels, noted that no one would get into his room and that he would have to go to the front desk to see what was going on. In the South's in the 1970s, the summer has been devoted to a cultural form.

Nearby is Noodles, a restaurant of leather and chrome that illustrates what happens when the Beautiful People united with Clockwork Orange. Close by now has surpassed Montreal's Sherbrooke is a shopping street, if not yet as a strolling square. It is not one of the world's great streets, not Berlin's Kurfürstendamm or Seattle's Ravenna, of Barcelona. But, God knows, it is nearly amazing.



The second example is the new Elton Centre, a final attempt for that empire to rescue itself from its recent troubled days. It demonstrates the most attractive feature of the New Imperial City: the extravagant use of anomalous space. Its magnificent Colonnade—125 feet high and attempting to terrify the atmosphere of a European street scene—is the original of course (if you want to see a predecessor, view the turn-of-the-century crystal palace Botany Building at the corner of College and Queen's Park).

What really shook the Anglo-Americans who roamed Expo 67 in Montreal was how easy the rest of us are in the use of space. The Union Centre is a reflection of that need. Ten years behind Montreal, it releases the Civic Unwashed into wide-open uncontrolled spaces. The limiting factor of Toronto has always been that the city lacked property—another built not sufficient over the widening, widening divide that other practitioners, London, Paris, Budapest, have). The great morning, social

The final example of the delightful glitziness of the New Imperial City has been the shish kebabs around Mini Corner Kebab and Bar. A friend from Europe was

But, Finance told me it was noticeable that the churches looked like banks and the banks looked like cathedrals. If New York, that other famed provincial city, had developed into the 1930s in the present day of industry, it was only natural that the parasitism nature of the country would rise to the dust through banks. All of it, of course the fiscal equivalent of penis envy. So we had, on one corner, the Toronto-Dominion quick-pen experts jumping to 36 Morrys, the golden Bank of Commerce standing there in 57 cents, and the penny meads of the Bank of Montreal jumping to 72 Morrys. It was locker-room macho corporate competition by guys who bank together producing wind-sun-sets at street level for sport.

The scene of sandy at last: the swirling gold sands of the Royal Bank's two new, soaring heights for quality, another magnificent water space with great slabs of colored plastic spaghetti is dropping from the 100-foot ceiling while bank tellers flourish about beneath as if sand-casting for stardom in the For Pele Ceremony. It is the first sign that Toronto has finally grown up. Gaily garbed in Mathematics/sand syndrome.

What has happened is that Toronto is the first city in Canada to develop an up-town and a downtown. The shoppers from suburbs who throng Egan's fear Bruce Sarnet. The townies on Bloor, seven blocks north of Miss Connors, would never venture where their husbands work. This is civilisation: we have achieved a division of work and spend male and female, close and play.

history, owing to its deep loquacious character. It has never had the large superiority of Vancouver, the aggressive belief in itself of Winnipeg, the resigned charm of Montreal (Ottawa is a great place to raise kids; Toronto is built for adults). The New Imperial City—even more than in the smaller days of Joe Kool, Syd Apple, John Bassett and Marjorie Bell—is turning its back on its natural live country and its own sovereignty, some confidence—if it ever can get over its provincialism.

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